

The Nation.

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The Week.

THERE had been so much weakness and "wobbling" among all the other Democrats in official life at Washington that it was not strange that many people should have feared that even Mr. Cleveland might yield, more or less, to the pressure. It was therefore with a sigh of relief that the country received the announcement, made authoritatively on Monday, that "the President adheres to the position that the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law should be unconditionally repealed." It seems almost incredible that politicians who pride themselves upon their shrewdness should for a moment have lent the slightest favor to any such compromise as the latest one—or, indeed, to any compromise at all. The idea that a party which had declared a law so intolerable that it ought to be repealed without delay, should propose to continue it in operation for another year, was in itself too absurd for serious consideration; and when the proposed extension for a twelvemonth of this "cowardly makeshift" was accompanied by other makeshifts even more cowardly and dangerous, one had not the patience to discuss the matter. The continuance of the present law unchanged was infinitely to be preferred to any such substitute as had been so readily accepted by nearly all of the Democratic Senators.

To Mr. Cleveland, and we might almost say to Mr. Cleveland alone, belongs the honor of putting an end to the deadlock in the Senate and securing the passage of the repeal bill. If he had taken the advice of some of the most practical politicians in the party—Senator Gorman, for instance—he would have "compromised" long ago and have utterly ruined his party. For nothing is more certain than that any prolonged dilly-dallying with the silver question would have irretrievably associated the Democratic party with the worst business convulsion the country has experienced since 1837, and have consigned it once more to the powerlessness and obscurity from which Mr. Cleveland dragged it in 1884 and 1892. His silver letter was pronounced by all the wise men of the party a blazing indiscretion. It proved to be one of his masterstrokes. His firmness in the late trial of strength in Washington, maintained undoubtedly in the teeth of innumerable appeals both to his hopes and fears from quarters which he is accustomed to respect, shows that he has lost none of the courage which has

most contributed to his political success.

The attitude of the Republicans in Congress during this long controversy has been such as to merit the warmest praise. In the House during August, and in the Senate since early September, they have stood firmly for repeal, with the exception of the few from the silver States and (in the Senate) Don Cameron and "Bill" Chandler. They have resisted more than one temptation to try and seize partisan advantage by assisting a compromise that would undoubtedly have hurt the Democrats, but would also as undoubtedly have worked vast harm to the country. They sustained the Democratic leader in the Senate in his "test of endurance," they supported the Democratic President against the opposition of fully half of his own party, and, though in a minority of the body, they will furnish the majority of the votes that will carry repeal. In short, the record of the Republican party throughout this controversy is one that it may well be proud of.

The latest plan for the "rehabilitation of silver" appears in the *Fortnightly Review*, in which Mr. A. G. Schiff proposes that silver shall be taxed by a "majority of the powers in conference assembled," so that its price shall never sink below 48 pence per ounce. The benefit, he says, of having silver kept at this price would be enormous, for this reason:

"Silver has been used as money from time immemorial until 1813; at the present moment it still forms the currency of the greatest portion of mankind, and as a natural consequence of the greatest number of debtors.

"Creditors are benefited by the solvency of debtors.

"These are axioms which the most inveterate gold man will accept."

It is of course impossible to state with certainty and accuracy the origin of a craze, but we believe that we shall come as near as possible to the truth in saying that the origin of the silver craze is to be found in the notion that the mass of mankind are debtors. This is the "fons et origo" of the whole bunch of hallucinations which make up the silver movement, and have worked such unfortunate results in this country. The fact is that the civilized world contains far more creditors than debtors. The laborers are all creditors as long as they are laboring. The class which saves is a creditor; if its savings are—as they usually are—invested. All persons living on salaries are creditors. All holders of stocks, bonds, and other securities are creditors. The debtors are everywhere a small class. Either they are great operators in stocks, or they are persons struggling with adversity, and likely soon to go to the

wall. If we step into any small town and inquire into the circumstances of the inhabitants, we shall find that the debtors are well known, not much trusted, and sure to disappear before long. If it be said that this is not true of the farmers, so many of whom have mortgages on their farms, the answer is that every harvest as it comes round makes the farmer a creditor, so that at best his interests and sympathies are as much on one side of the books as the other.

What has probably given rise to the notion that silver is dear to debtors, and that mankind is in debt, is, that a very large number of silver agitators are in debt, and want to pay off their obligations in a depreciated currency; but, compared to "the greatest portion of mankind," these gentlemen are a very small handful. The truth is that the world is divided between the creditor and the debtor interest, the vast majority of persons being the creditors of the community either for work and labor done, or for goods had and received. Every honest man pursuing a lawful calling keeps a running account with society, in which the balance is generally in his favor. The selling interest is probably smaller than the buying interest, unless we count in labor as a marketable commodity; but if we count this in, there will always be about as many vendors as vendees in the world's markets. So that the fearful racket about the catastrophe which is going to overtake the human race if gold goes up, is about as alarming as the music of a Chinese theatre.

The confirmation of Mr. Van Alen by the Senate was so sure to come that it will attract but little attention. The Senate is not the kind of body in these days to reject a man because he has been a liberal giver to the campaign funds. Among the majority for confirmation were Gorman, Higgins, Quay, Jones, Stewart, Cameron, and McMillan. All that the occasion calls for is a word or two of condolence, with Mr. Cleveland. He has satisfied Mr. Van Alen and Mr. Whitney, but he has given his own reputation a blow from which it will never recover. He has spoken and written so much about the use of money in politics, and about the sacredness of the trust created by the holding of public office, that Mr. Van Alen's success is a great misfortune for him. It will make a large body of moral literature almost ridiculous. The curious thing about it, too, is that it was not necessary. He could readily have shown Mr. Whitney that, much as he was indebted to him, this particular thing

was something which he must not ask him to do. In the whole range of possible Presidential errors or blunders, there is not one from which President Cleveland is so completely cut off as the sale of high offices for cash. There is no other against which his friends were so ready to offer warranties, and have given so many warranties. What is still worse is that there is not one so dangerous to the safety, honor, and welfare of this government. The sale of legislation for campaign funds may be said to have begun with the Republicans. The sale of high executive office may be said to have begun with Harrison. The Democrats have turned the Republicans out in order to stop both abuses, and lo and behold, they have plunged in themselves the minute they got a chance. If Mr. Van Alen had been a prominent public man, holding all the ordinary titles to high places, we should greatly have regretted his getting a foreign mission after giving \$50,000 to aid in electing the appointing officer. But considering that he is entirely unknown in public life, and holds no titles to high places, the transaction is one of unusual nakedness.

The Massachusetts Civil-Service Reform League is not satisfied with Mr. Josiah Quincy's defence of himself, and has resolved that his refusal to recognize such a thing as "the spirit and purpose of the civil-service law" does not, in fact, entirely frown it out of existence. But a little thing like condemnation by his friends does not trouble Mr. Quincy, who reiterates his opinion that they are a sad lot of impracticables. He grants that there is "no objection to the assertion of the pure merit system by persons who look at the subject exclusively from the civil-service standpoint," but he himself, as a "party man," bound to follow some "practical method," is not free to take any such transcendental view. Mr. Quincy's shame is great enough without such glorying in it. His pretence that the stern realities of executive responsibility have cleared the reform cobwebs from his eyes simply invites comparison with the many examples of theoretical and practical spoilsmen who have, unlike Mr. Quincy, found executive power inclining them to reform. Ex-Secretary Tracy confessed that it was the hard experience of a "party man" in office that forced him to adopt reform methods in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and even Wanamaker began to show some signs of weariness with the spoils debauch. We fear, therefore, that it is not the cares and teachings of office which have brought Mr. Quincy's civil-service reform professions to wreck.

Mr. Peck, the ex-Commissioner of Labor, who fled the country to escape the

penalty of his acts in stealing and destroying the official records of his bureau, has returned and surrendered himself for trial, encouraged, it is said, by the "harmony" in his party over the nomination of Maynard. It will be interesting to observe the outcome of his case, in view of the decision of the Court of Appeals upon it, delivered in June last. The crime of which Peck was then pronounced guilty was precisely the one which the Bar Association of this city, ex-Judge Danforth of the Court of Appeals, and other high authorities have declared Maynard to be guilty of, coming under section 94 of the Penal Code as a felony, "punishable by imprisonment for not more than five years, or by a fine of not more than \$5,000, or by both." Peck reasons, not unnaturally, that if Maynard can be nominated for the Court of Appeals, there is no reason why he should be afraid to return to a State whose rulers are capable of such doings.

Philadelphia has a Municipal League which is trying to secure better government of the city. At present the state of things is not quite so bad in Philadelphia as in New York and Brooklyn, but it is bad enough. Mr. Herbert Welsh says that the League has sufficient moral evidence to warrant the declaration that "the Councils of Philadelphia, as a body, are open to the charge that they look for orders to certain great corporations, and not to their constituents; that they legislate in the interest of these corporations as against the interests of these constituents, to the great detriment of the city." In his address at the recent annual meeting, Mr. Welsh pointed out that the League was working in the same line with men in all the other large cities of the country, who encounter the same discouraging obstacles and have the same intricate problems to solve; and he urged that, if it clearly perceived this fact, it would "work with a sense of generous rivalry, of enthusiasm, of careful thought and patience, far greater than that which marks its efforts now." The Boston *Herald* carries this idea a step farther by suggesting an organization of these bodies in different cities in the shape of a national municipal-reform league, which might meet in an annual congress for the discussion of the various important questions in which they are interested; holding that an interchange of views could not fail to be of great service in placing at the command of all a knowledge of the work for municipal reform in each city. This suggestion is well worth the consideration of municipal reformers.

The refusal of the Synod of New York on Thursday to sustain the efforts of Dr. Briggs and his sympathizers to have his

case reopened on technical grounds was only what they must have expected. With technical correctness of procedure or without it, the judgment of the denomination on the main issue involved has been pronounced with unmistakable emphasis, and it is mere contentiousness to prolong the struggle. There is the more reason for the friends of Dr. Briggs to acquiesce in this, inasmuch as they are now practically assured of toleration of their views within the church. The zeal of the conservatives has distinctly cooled since their success in securing the condemnation of the head and front of the offending. Now they are all for peace and letting bygones be bygones. They want no more trials. The followers of Prof. Briggs may go out of the church if they choose to, but they will be in no danger of being put out. They may even hold the identical opinions of Prof. Briggs if they will—only let them use a little tact and discretion, and be a little more patient than he was in waiting for the majority to catch up with him. Are they not all brethren? Such really seems at present the most likely issue of it all. The heretic must go, but his heresies remain to become orthodoxy all in good time. Pascal's Jesuit laid down the great principle when he said: "These opinions would be orthodox in any other mouth than that of M. Arnauld." Prof. Briggs is anathema, but Prof. Moore, Prof. Brown, and other Presbyterian professors in good standing that might be named are to be made perfectly at home in the household of faith, although holding substantially the same opinions.

One of the topics for discussion before the World's Evangelical Congress at Chicago the other day was that nightmare of most clergymen—how to get people to go to church on Sunday evenings. A Wisconsin minister told of his success in building up an evening congregation by various means, among them the cutting down of his sermon to fifteen minutes. This is in line with the recommendation of the learned and pious judge who said, when asked how long, in his opinion, a sermon ought to be, "Fifteen minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy." Yet we do not see how the remedy can be expected to be a truly permanent one. Those who think of a sermon merely as something to "hold a watch on," will be led on by such concessions only to demand a continued lowering of the record. Those, on the other hand, who look to the substance, will contend that fifteen minutes is too long for a poor sermon and not long enough for a good one. The only thoroughgoing reform is to multiply preachers whose sermons have more than that one point of intense interest which, according to George Eliot, all sermons have—the point when they are at last over.

The railroad disaster on the Grand Trunk Line on Friday was at once the most shocking and the most inexcusable of the long list which has disgraced the year. It was due, apparently, solely to the reckless disregard of positive instructions by the conductor of one train, who had been ordered to meet the other train on a siding, yet directed his engineer to keep on beyond that siding because he "thought" the other train had already passed him at a station. It is impossible that such a thing could happen on a road where there was proper discipline. Indeed, nobody can have travelled much this year without having been impressed by the spirit of recklessness and indifference which characterizes so many of the employees. This is a spirit which seems to grow naturally, when left unrestrained, in any employment which is especially hazardous; and the greatest reproach of American railroads is that they do so little to check its development in the only possible way, by the enforcement of severe discipline. The difficulty has been greatly aggravated this year by the immense increase in passenger traffic on all lines running to Chicago, which the companies have tried to handle without a corresponding increase in the working force—in some cases, indeed, with a smaller proportional force than usual. The result is that men have been compelled to work "till they were ready to drop"—we have heard of a brakeman who was kept on duty without sleep for forty-eight hours; and the too common recklessness has thus been heightened by the effects of bodily fatigue and mental exhaustion.

A peculiar form of injustice to an author through the lack of an international copyright law to protect his property has just been brought to light by the eminent Danish critic, Georges Brandes. He had undertaken to bring out a German edition of his 'Currents of Literature in the Nineteenth Century,' and had actually edited and revised three volumes of the work, when a German publisher, on the announcement of the enterprise, flooded the market with a cheap reprint of an old and grossly imperfect translation. As there is no copyright treaty between Germany and Denmark, Brandes was without redress and was driven from the field. This was bad enough, but what must have seemed worse to the critic himself was the fact that a slashing attack recently made upon him in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was based almost entirely upon this old and misleading translation. He asserts in a letter to the *Figaro* that not a single one of the statements of fact or of opinion which were made the ground of severe criticism in the *Revue*, occurs in his revised edition. This is not only robbing a man but maltreating him to boot.

The earnestness and versatility of French Socialists are in no way more strikingly shown than in their pressing literature into their service. Novels and romances setting forth the abominations of the existing social order and the beauties of the one to come have long abounded. Lately the playwrights have been enlisted in the good cause, and more than one drama has been seen in which the zeal of a socialistic apostle was more conspicuous than the literary or dramatic gifts of the author. One of the latest devices is a "Socialist Catechism" designed for wide circulation among the people. It contains ninety-nine formal questions and answers, in which the wickedness of employers and the virtues of workmen are duly set forth, together with glorification of fraternity, appeals for insurrection, and all the rest of it. Occasionally one comes upon a witty turn lighting up the general sombreness of the catechism. For example, in answer to the question, "What is a conservative?" we are told: "A conservative is an old gentleman, as a general thing very badly conserved." The definition of an economist is as follows: "An economist is a *bourgeois*, stupid, but very eminent." Neat, if somewhat unkind, is the reply to the question, "What is a Christian Socialist?" "A Christian Socialist is a worthy reactionary who goes so far as to admit that, for the workingman, the bread of life would be much more attractive if some beefsteak went along with it."

Several public executions in France have recently been attended with such scandals that interest is renewed in a proposed law to prohibit these demoralizing spectacles. A former excuse for public executions may have been, that by no other means could the popular mind be satisfied of the due infliction of the legal penalty, and freed from all suspicion that the real criminal had been smuggled away by some fraud or negligence. But such an end could be assured, as it is in this State, for example, by providing for a sufficient number of legal witnesses of an execution. One would suppose that the scenes of the Terror would have been enough to convince French lawgivers of the danger of cultivating a spirit of blood-thirstiness in the populace, and of making the guillotine a favorite toy with children. A curious and degrading feature of modern executions in France is the resort to them, besides the ordinary rabble, of decayed old rousés and profligates, male and female, who go about in search of horrible sights to flog their jaded sensibilities into action. They cannot, perhaps, be shut out of their other favorite haunts, the morgue and mad-houses, but at least the State ought not to pander to their depravity by admitting them to public executions.

Count Taaffe's bill to extend the suffrage in Austria may be said to be one of the results of the successful struggle for universal suffrage in Belgium last spring. From Brussels the agitation was immediately transferred to Vienna, and, all through the summer, meetings were held and an active propaganda carried on to secure for the lower classes in Austria what had been won by the Belgian workingmen. There was, of course, the latent threat all along to resort to the same methods as had been employed in Belgium of public disorder and a universal strike. It was doubtless to head off any movement of that kind that the Government decided to come forward with the appearance of granting spontaneously a good part of the popular demand. Naturally, this action has been subjected to the usual comments made upon concessions of that sort. The "entering-wedge" argument is heard both from alarmed conservatives, who see the end of all things at hand, and from delighted radicals, who say that, having begun the descent of Avernus, the Government cannot stop till it lands at the very bottom. In like manner, the attitude of Roman firmness is advised by some of the same two sets of extremists—the conservatives asserting that it will never do to concede anything, even if just, to popular clamor, and the wilder radicals standing out for the "all-or-nothing" principle. Meanwhile the Government has to steer a difficult course as best it can, one of its prime necessities being to prevent any domestic discord in the Triple Alliance. The Triple Alliance, in fact, has become a sort of government above the Government, compelling both Italy and Austria to adopt financial and military measures which they would not think of if left to themselves.

It did not need recent events to show how completely in Brazil the profession of arms dominates all others, or to explain why military ideas are so often permitted to override the methods of peace and of law. Some months ago a Brazilian paper published a list of army and navy officers—active, retired, and honorary—who were then holding civil positions or were candidates for such places. No less than 361 names were included. The President of the country—whose strictly legal office is the Vice-Presidency, and who is also Senator—is a marshal of the army. Other army or navy officers are found in the persons of eleven governors of States, fourteen Senators, and forty deputies in the national Congress. No wonder that the laws give way to the rough-and-ready practices of the camp and quarter-deck, or that aspiring young politicians are learning the lesson that military preferment is the surest road to political advancement.

INHERENT POWERS OF DELIBERATIVE BODIES.

MR. EDMUNDS'S letter makes the situation in the Senate perfectly clear. There has been so much talk of senatorial courtesy, and of rules of mysterious potency, that many people have received the impression that the Senate was entirely helpless under the tyranny of a small minority, and that any attempt to check the flow of speech would be of the nature of revolution. All this fog is blown away at a whiff by Mr. Edmunds. His letter was drawn out by an inquiry addressed to him by ex-Gov. Stewart of Vermont, himself an experienced parliamentarian through long service in Congress and in the Legislature of his State. Mr. Stewart found himself unable to believe that any legislative body could be so powerless as the Senate appeared to find itself, and he accordingly asked the opinion of Mr. Edmunds upon the question whether the presiding officer of the Senate was legally authorized to terminate debate, as also upon the question whether this officer, if powerless to end debate upon other subjects, was equally so when a change in the rules was proposed. Senator Edmunds shows that the rules of the Senate afford no protection to obstructionists, and that the present inaction of the Senate is not forced but voluntary.

It is not easy to overrate the importance of this opinion. Not only is Mr. Edmunds a constitutional lawyer of the highest rank, but he presided for several years over the deliberations of the Senate. It would not be too much to say that this opinion, in connection with Judge Cooley's, is an advance statement of the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, should the case ever come before them for decision. In fact, when one comes to look fairly at the question, there seems to be no question about it. The rules of the Senate say nothing, it is true, about stopping a Senator who is speaking with the express purpose of preventing action. But it is an extraordinary inference that any act not expressly prohibited by explicit rule is therefore permitted. There is no rule forbidding a Senator to speak when he is drunk, or to appear naked on the floor of the Senate, or to sing indecent songs, or to address the Senate in the Chinese language, or to do a thousand other objectionable things. There is no rule either against these things or against obstructive talk, partly for the reason assigned by the ancient law-giver for not providing punishment for parricide—that the commission of the act was itself incredible—and partly because they are covered by the general rule against disorderly conduct. That rule provides that at any stage of the proceedings, except when the Senate is dividing, any Senator may raise the

question whether another Senator is out of order, and the question, unless submitted to the Senate, shall be decided by the presiding officer without debate. An appeal from this decision may be taken to the Senate, but if they sustain it, that ends the matter definitively. Debate is allowed upon the appeal, but if any member shall be called to order during this debate, the question shall be decided without debate, and, although an appeal is allowed from this decision, there can be no debate upon this appeal. So far from the rules of the Senate protecting obstructionists, they seem devised specifically to suppress them. If it is really a disorderly act to speak with the announced intention of preventing legislation, there is nothing whatever in the rules of the Senate or in parliamentary practice to hinder the Vice-President—if supported by a majority of the Senate—from declaring it such and from stopping it.

It is quite probable that this view of the situation has not hitherto presented itself to the obstructive Senators. They are men of no great attainments, for the most part, in constitutional law, and they have very likely believed that there was no legislative device to hinder them from talking till the crack of doom. The suggestions of compromise with which the air has been filled were quite probably due to the discovery on the part of these men that they have aroused the bitterest enmity against their cause by their use of a weapon which they supposed was irresistible, but which proves to be worthless. They have outraged their colleagues and the coordinate branches of the Government, and defied the people, thinking that they could do so with perfect impunity; and now that they find that there is nothing in the rules to prevent their being put in charge of the sergeant-at-arms, they begin to talk of compromise. But any compromise that may now be offered them must be dictated by their opponents and not by them. Their brief period of despotic power is over, and it is beginning to be understood by the public as well as by parliamentarians that their dominion was nothing more than the brief period of license enjoyed by a gang of ruffians before the constables can reach the scene of disturbance.

The disposition to proceed to action which is now evident among the majority in the Senate is doubtless due, in part at least, to the same cause. So long as it seemed to be conceded that the minority must rule, and that there was no way of stopping them, the majority felt itself relieved of responsibility. To very many of them, it is to be feared, this freedom from responsibility was acceptable. They could not be accused of hostility to silver, because they had not voted to repeal the silver law, nor could they be denounced by the believers in honest money, for they had

not voted against repeal. Now they find that responsibility has rolled back upon them with increased weight. They see that they can put a stop to obstruction, and that the people are learning that they can. If they do not, it is now because they will not, and the odium that has been heaped upon the silver fanatics will be transferred to them. That odium is now so intensified by torturing delay that it will be too heavy for any political party to assume.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SITUATION.

HAS there ever been anything in the politics of this State quite so remarkable as the attitude of the Republican organization at present? The State is ready and willing to turn against the Democratic party and give the Republicans the greatest political victory they have had for twenty years, yet, instead of making the most of the opportunity, the whole power of this Republican organization seems to be exerted to keep the victory from coming to the party. They are pushing it away by every means in their power. Mr. Platt in the State convention refused to put forward the strongest possible candidate against the criminal whom the Democrats are running for the Court of Appeals, and insisted on nominating a candidate who, while eminently respectable and well fitted for the place, lacked the popular strength which a candidate more generally known would have commanded.

Not content with this curious political manoeuvre in the interest of the opposite party, the Republican machine in this city put in the field as weak and inconsequential a municipal ticket as could be arranged, and when a most unusual opportunity was afforded for strengthening it by putting Mr. Myers on as candidate for comptroller, the machine refused to accept it. Most remarkable of all, the machine uses as the medium for giving publication to its decisions and proposals the organs of Tammany Hall. Mr. Robinson, the machine's candidate for comptroller, chooses the *Sun* rather than the *Tribune* as the organ most congenial to his tastes when he wishes to avow his determination not to withdraw in the interest of Mr. Myers, but to run in the interest of Tammany Hall. In fact, his whole course could not be better shaped if its design were to make it difficult for any independent citizen to vote for him, for it is calculated to create general disgust with both himself and his party.

As a consequence of these proceedings there is such a general lack of confidence in Republican sincerity that many persons suspect that there has been a "deal" in accordance with which the Republican machine has agreed not to defeat Maynard. That he cannot be elected unless there is Republican faith-

lessness is as clear as noonday. The Democratic leaders are finding out what a difficult task they have on hand, and are sending out earnest appeals for "competent speakers," saying that only those must be put on the stump who have been "carefully selected." That is confession that the task of defending Maynard is so delicate, and the situation so critical, that no speaker must be trusted who is at all likely to weaken under fire. Of course the situation is critical. Maynard's assailants are not men whose charges can be disposed of easily. They are the foremost men at the bar in this State, and their words carry weight with the people because of the personal character behind them. It would be a marvel indeed if a candidate so assailed could be elected in this State without a desperate struggle.

Added to the weakness which Maynard's candidacy creates, there is also the failure of the Democratic majority in the United States Senate to accomplish anything. This, under ordinary and fair conditions, ought of itself to give the State to the Republicans. Yet instead of improving that opportunity, the Republican platform is silent on the subject of silver-purchase repeal. How did that happen?

In view of these most suspicious proceedings, is it any wonder that political observers are saying that Maynard is likely to be elected because the Republican organization cannot be depended upon to work honestly for his defeat? Is it any wonder, after the Robinson performance in regard to the comptrollership, that the same observers are saying that if it is necessary to cheat in the count in this city in order to elect Maynard, there is no hope that the Republican machine will put any obstacles in the way of such cheating? That the candidacy of Mr. Myers, if accepted by the Republicans, would have drawn a large number of votes from Tammany, and would have endangered the success of their ticket, was shown clearly enough by the anxiety of all the Tammany organs to get him out of the field. His candidacy would also have added to the difficulty of electing Maynard, as was shown by the taking of Mr. Fitch out of Congress to run for his successor. By refusing to accept Mr. Myers as their candidate, the Republican organization has performed a great service both to Tammany and to Maynard, and the decent men of the Republican party ought to make themselves heard in protest.

In fact, the responsibility for Maynard's election, if it shall be accomplished, will rest squarely upon the Republican party. He cannot be elected if that party makes a sincere effort to defeat him. The defection in the Democratic party over his candidacy is widespread and great. He will receive a smaller honest vote than any candidate of his party has received for many years. He will be defeated if the

Republicans do their duty not merely in getting out their own vote, but in opposing all Democratic schemes for cheating in the count. If the leaders of the Republican machine cannot be trusted to do their duty in these things, then the honest men in the party ought to take matters into their own hands, unite with the Bar Association and other non-partisan opponents of Maynard, and see to it that steps are taken to have both an honest election and an honest count. If there is not virtue enough left in both political parties to secure this result, the State is indeed in evil hands.

A GREAT MYSTERY.

WE find the following interesting passage in a letter from Chicago to the *Spectator* of London, describing the impressions of some recent English visitors to this country:

"We were in the Fair grounds at all hours of the day and early night for weeks, and never heard of any pocket-picking; nor yet did we hear an angry word, much less an oath. Altogether, we saw so little that was evil, and so much that was good, that we began to wonder where all the wicked people whose doings made our blood run cold in the daily papers were to be found. These papers are a national calamity. With very few exceptions, they seem to serve up a banquet of brutal horrors to readers who will enjoy to the full every turn of the screw of the rack on which the murderer places his victims, and every agony of parents who still love the children whose evil deeds are made all too public. To an enterprising editor in America, no home has any privacy, no feeling of the heart any sanctity. The sins and sufferings of one-half of the world are to furnish the delights of the other; and scarcely a horror can be named which escapes serving as an occasion for a jest. If a man has the misfortune to lose a leg in a terrible accident, the headline of the paragraph which announces this, is, 'His leg goes to Heaven before him.' If a couple of lovers are killed by lightning, we read, 'Lightning takes off two.' A lynching is gracefully described as 'a neck-tie party.' Worse things might be quoted, but we refrain; and yet, though these papers live and prosper, the people we see are as tender and compassionate as the heart of man can desire."

This remarkably accurate definition of the "live" American newspaper of the period raises a question which has troubled thoughtful minds for some time, and that is, Who are the readers who like these newspapers? One seldom or never meets a person who will admit that he likes them, or who says that he would discontinue them were they to stop publishing the daily "banquet of brutal horrors," scandal, and filth; yet one meets constantly people who denounce them as public nuisances and express unbounded contempt for the editors who conduct them. Even these editors themselves appear to be harassed with doubts about the attractiveness of their wares, for they are continually offering "prizes" or bribes of one kind or another to induce people to buy their papers. If horrors, scandals, exposures of private life, were the things which the "public wants" above all else in a newspaper, why bribe them thus? So in regard to the use of "cuts." It is evidently the belief of the editors of our great dailies that "cuts" are

a wonderful attraction, but how often does one meet a reader who does not ridicule them and wish they were out of the paper? Indeed, it was only a few days ago that one of the papers formerly most disfigured in this way published a letter from a reader praising the paper's reports of the yacht-races, and saying that he enjoyed them all the more because they were not broken up with "cuts."

There is clearly a mystery here, and we know of no one so well qualified to explain it as the editors themselves. They must have reasons for their conduct. Take for example that great journalist who, for at least six months, was hailed by his admirers as the most wonderful editor the world had ever known, and who, when he was told by one of his reporters that a poor demented woman had delivered a wild harangue in a public hall which was so indecent that men as well as women were forced to leave, exclaimed, "Immense! Give it a page!" That man must have had some reason for thinking that his paper would be benefited by giving up a page to such "news." What was it? Why should he think that people would be eager to read in a newspaper the very things they had tried to escape from when they were said to them in a public place? His answer upon this point would throw light upon the whole theory of his kind of journalism. In private life, a man or woman who goes about prying into other people's business, discovering and disclosing family secrets, dragging from their sacred abodes private griefs and holding them up to the public gaze, is a social outcast, hated and loathed of all men. By what process of reasoning does an editor imagine that he becomes "great" and makes his newspaper prosperous by doing these things?

Unhappily we have in this vicinity a considerable number of editors who ought to be able to throw light on this mystery, for they are all engaged daily in this business. There was published recently in *Judge* an excellent picture of them and their occupation as it affects the youth of the land. It was called "The Modern School of Crime," and depicted a school-room filled with bright and handsome children eagerly receiving instruction from a real Professor of Journalism, who was expounding to them the "leading features" of the daily press. Above a raised platform the most "spicy" cases of newspaper horrors were displayed. The pupils held copies of the *Daily Sensation*, the *Daily Filth*, the *Daily Dirt*, the *Weekly Scandal* in their hands, and the professor was dilating on the instructive aspects of the collection. On a side wall was displayed in large and attractive letters the "Faculty of the School," which contained the names of all the really great and progressive editors of the period. That picture ought to be hung in every editorial sanctum of the land, and the men whose

names appear, rightly and justly, in that faculty ought to come forward and tell the public what the reasons are which impel them to engage in such business. They must have the key to the mystery which baffles every other mind.

It was only a few months ago that one of our newspapers, which had previously made a temporary descent in the same direction, departed permanently from the ranks of orderly and decent journalism and entered those of sensational journalism illustrated with "cuts." It is a matter of general knowledge that the editor has lost many of his former readers by this change, and there is no outward and visible evidence that he has gained new ones. He must have had some reason for the change, some strong and persuasive argument to convince him that there was somewhere a large number of people yearning for a newspaper which should either suppress entirely or hide in obscure corners all important news, and array on the first page all the scandal, silly gossip, and trivialities, each item in the list being expanded and topped with alluring headlines, under the remarkable delusion that almost anything can be converted into "important news" by "giving it a column and putting a scare head" upon it. There is no bid for intelligent readers in this method of editing, and the question is, Who are the people that the editor thinks will be attracted by it? Where do they live, and how does it happen that they are never encountered by any one from outside their set? The editors evidently believe there are untold millions of them somewhere, and that their appetite for newspapers is insatiable. Is this the case? If it is, it would be a great relief to a curious world to have some one of the parties to the secret give us exact information on the point. It would indeed be "immense" and would easily fill a page.

REFUSE.

In the earlier months of the Chicago Fair, while the attendance was below 100,000, the administration was remarkably successful in keeping the grounds and buildings clean. It is no easy matter to "clean up" after a crowd—that is, to collect and dispose of the refuse of tens of thousands of lunches—the boxes, the paper, the grape-skins, the peanut and other shells, the orange and lemon peel, the peach and apple skins and stones, and, what is worst of all, the chop and other bones and the unconsumed pieces of meat, bread, and pie. But for some time the administration managed to perform this task by keeping the scavengers constantly at work. Since the attendance has doubled, it has become impossible, and portions of the exhibition grounds have

fallen into a sad condition, through accumulations of refuse and offal. After the Chicago day, when the attendance passed 700,000, five hundred cartloads of debris were collected, but the work was still unfinished. It is now, of course, too late to make any change, and the Exposition will probably close knee-deep in some places in the remains of by-gone repasts.

There is one way in which this might have been prevented, and those who value the Exposition for its educational power will be the first to regret that it was not resorted to. It has been often remarked of this Fair, as of the Centennial, that the greatest service it rendered the country was familiarizing the untravelled portion of the population with other and better ways and things than those to which they were accustomed. It is not too much to say, for example, that the Centennial killed the linen duster as a national costume. Hundreds of thousands left home in linen dusters, unconscious of the effect they would produce if seen in masses. When they saw 100,000 persons of both sexes clad in linen dusters, the artistic shame of the garment came upon them with a rush, and they put it from them as soon as they got home. In like manner, there were before 1876 large areas, even on the eastern coast, in which good bread, raised with yeast, was absolutely unknown to the housewife. Of other bread than the saleratus-raised poison, she knew nothing. But once she had seen and tasted the Vienna bread, the baking art took on a new dignity in her eyes. She might still make saleratus bread and give it to her offspring, but she knew there was something better within her reach. We do not think it an exaggeration to say that the introduction of true bread, into the households east of the Alleghanies at least, dates from the Philadelphia Exposition.

In the great effort which we are all making just now for the introduction of a greater regard for beauty, order, and decency into the management of our towns, cities, and villages, one of the chief difficulties with which we have to contend is the national indifference to what may be generally termed "refuse"—that is, indifference to the sight and neighborhoods of things thrown away or cast out as garbage, or waste, or excreta. Spitting on floors is one manifestation of it, now rapidly passing away in this part of the world. Throwing down nutshells on the spot where the nuts have been eaten is another. Throwing down papers, baskets, boxes, and leavings of all sorts is another. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this is done because the offender has not been used to places in which the look of things was of any importance. In the tradition of the frontier, as long as the inside of the house was clean and decent, the outside surroundings were of no importance.

This tradition reigns to-day in nearly all our great cities. The great mass of the population has not the slightest idea that there is anything wrong in throwing down newspapers, scraps of paper, or nutshells in the streets. Consequently the streets of nearly every American town are by the afternoon, and often for days and weeks in succession, a litter of confusion and disorder such as is not seen anywhere else in Christendom. That duty to one's neighbor includes the duty of saving him from unsightliness, is not taught to our children. Two or three years ago there was a great Sunday-school picnic in the Central Park in this city. The spectacle presented by the great lawn on the following day was something to remember. The children had left their lunch-boxes and the remains of their lunches wherever they happened to be, in perfect unconsciousness of anything faulty. The occasion might have been used to give them a lesson in civic order and decency which they would never have forgotten, had they been requested to roll and pack up their leavings, for such and such reasons.

There has been no question about the orderliness, and decency, and respectability, in the best sense of the word, of the crowd at the Chicago Fair. Not less remarkable has been their teachableness. They were there to learn and they have learned. They have in particular, we may be sure, profited above all things by the spectacle of so much pains taken and so much money spent to produce simply a vision of beauty—something which is to pass away like a dream, leaving not a wrack behind. But they might have been taught also very readily, by notices distributed through the buildings, that it was the duty of those who visited the Fair to assist the administration in keeping the grounds clean and sweet and orderly, by taking care of their own refuse. The great majority bring their lunch with them. They have to eat it in the Fair grounds, and it is sure to leave behind a certain quantity of debris. Had receptacles been provided for these at certain places, as in Lincoln Park, and had lunching parties been requested to deposit in them their leavings, not only should we have been spared many collocations of great beauty and great squalor, but we should have helped to diffuse through many regions of the West and Southwest a knowledge of the part which tidiness plays in all municipal splendor.

MRS. LUCY STONE.

THERE are personalities which share with greatness the function of marking the progress of ideas. Such a one was the late editor of the *Woman's Journal*. Not the most intellectual, certainly, of the notable group of women whose names are associated with the woman-suffrage movement in this country; not a pioneer in the sense that the Grimké sisters

were pioneers; not a member of the first woman's-rights convention, which Mrs. Stanton helped assemble; not more devoted to the cause than Miss Anthony, who, like Mrs. Stanton, survives her; not more eloquent than Abby Kelley, who almost with bleeding feet prepared the way for her, Mrs. Stone nevertheless earned the reward due to pure, disinterested, indefatigable promotion of the reform she had at heart: she personified it in the mind of the public. Her departure has naturally evoked reminiscences of the period when she came upon the scene, and reflections upon the changes she had witnessed, and in no small measure brought about, in the position and estimation of woman during her nearly four score years.

In one of the very last of her public addresses Mrs. Stone truthfully affirmed that "the woman's-rights movement owes its inception to the anti-slavery cause." Before she had finished her schooling, the Grimkés, by relating their experience of slavery to mixed audiences in Massachusetts, had drawn down upon themselves the famous Pastoral Letter of the General Association of that State to the orthodox churches under its care. When woman, said this document, "assumes the place and tone of man as a public reformer, our care and protection of her seem unnecessary; we put ourselves in self-defence against her; she yields the power which God has given her for her protection, and her character becomes unnatural.

We cannot, therefore, but regret the mistaken conduct of those who encourage females to bear an obtrusive and ostentatious part in measures of reform, and countenance any of that sex who so far forget themselves as to itinerate in the character of public lecturers and teachers." The vilest insinuations were freely vented from the pulpit against the women who went forth as accredited agents of the anti-slavery societies. Half-a-dozen orthodox clergymen of New England withdrew from an abolition convention which invited women to become members and participate in the proceedings; and when Miss Kelley had been put on a committee with two men, the editor of the *Christian Mirror* intimated the disreputableness of such a closting. This committee's memorial was rejected by the Rhode Island Congregational Consociation as coming from an unscripturally woman-ruled convention. The speedy disruption of the anti-slavery organization, though induced by a variety of causes, was ostensibly based upon the question of the equality of the sexes in philanthropic agitation. The same division invaded the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London in the same year, 1840. The ground was now ready for the organization of women on their own behalf, and the moving spirits, like Mrs. Lucretia Mott, were found in the abolition ranks.

Lucy Stone's own introduction to the public as a speaker was on the anti-slavery platform. She brought with her to that, and presently to the woman's-rights platform, the distinction of being the first woman trained in the higher education who had publicly advocated either reform. She was a graduate, in 1847, of Oberlin College, which made no distinction of sex or color in its admission and instruction, yet deemed it improper that female graduates should read their own commencement parts. Miss Stone accordingly declined to prepare hers. She lived to see State after State in the newer sections of the country establish coeducational universities until no other could be thought of, supported by general taxation; and to see in the older States, even at the South, a

pressure everywhere, more or less successful, to obtain for women the privileges enjoyed by men in institutions founded on behalf of the male sex only. In the meantime, the movement for political equality had passed through an acute stage of odium, ridicule, and mob violence. Its stated gatherings were coarsely stigmatized as hen-conventions, and Lucy Stone herself, in her anti-slavery capacity, was heralded in this fashion from an orthodox pulpit in a suburb of Boston: "I am requested to say that a hen will attempt to crow like a cock this afternoon at the town hall. All those who like that sort of music will attend." In 1853, Miss Antoinette Brown (afterwards Mrs. Blackwell), on attempting to speak as a delegate at a World's Temperance Convention in this city, in which the clerical element prevailed, was greeted by her fellow-delegates with the manners of a bear-garden. The war and the Sanitary Commission hastened the disappearance of this sort of ruffianism and of popular prejudice as directed against the coöperation of the sexes in all works of charity and public spirit: and the comparatively tranquil era which then set in has been employed for the persistent propaganda of civil and political equality. As always, many external influences, like the woman's temperance movement, have contributed to further the labors of the agitators, and the approach to universal manhood suffrage, if slow, has been steady. What remained of the sentimental repugnance to the mere act of depositing a ballot at the same polls with men, has been completely dispelled by the Australian system. School suffrage now very generally obtains without distinction of sex, and municipal suffrage has supervened in many quarters, while one State has eliminated sex from its Constitution.

Mrs. Stone, no doubt, was loath to close her eyes upon such unequal accomplishment, and in the rectification of common and statute law the progress, great as it is, has not been all that she and her coadjutors desired. In the field of education and employment an unlimited extension of opportunity has been assured. The grave problems of marriage and divorce have been specifically affected by the labors of woman-suffragists, but still await for a more perfect solution the direct concurrence of both sexes in the framing of legislation; nor can the social evil be otherwise wisely taken in hand. In becoming a married woman, Miss Stone entered a protest against the convenient practice of adopting the husband's name, and continued to wear to the end the name imposed by her father upon her mother. The individuality of an actress or a singer has a merchantable value, but, as Mrs. Blackwell, Lucy Stone would have forfeited nothing of her power as a reformer. Her singularity in this particular has not found imitators.

Mrs. Stone was, in her prime, a very winning and effective speaker, of the emotional rather than the argumentative order, and possessed of great fluency. She furnished her share of that eloquence which Emerson said was dog-cheap among the abolitionists. How far oratory will be developed or checked among the college-bred women of to-day cannot yet be decided; but those who lived through the struggle for emancipation may not expect to see again the fervor and passion of that grand debate. Each fresh triumph, too, of the equal-rights idea tones down the clamors of its promoters along with the expostulations of its opponents, faint echo of the voice of the extinct mob. For the moment, the press, debased as it is, is the principal forum, and less and less

are men's convictions formed or swayed by the spoken word.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—XI. PSYCHOLOGY.

CHICAGO, October, 1893.

THE division of topics in science at Chicago, whereby such subjects as Neurology and Psychology were included under Ethnology, has had in the event considerable justification, in spite of much criticism and some ridicule. For when we look at the way in which Psychology in particular fares, in comparison with its fate at other expositions, the difference is very striking. The principal, as it is also the official exhibit, in the department of Ethnology, is in the gallery at the north end of the Anthropological Building. It was gathered by Prof. Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin, who was appointed assistant to Prof. Putnam for this duty; and no praise would be, I think, too high for this really admirable collection of apparatus, charts, etc., illustrating the principal problems and results of the "new psychology." Prof. Jastrow's difficulties were great, and it is only fair to say that his success is also great. This main exhibit is displayed in three rooms, viz., a working laboratory, where a series of sense and memory tests are offered to candidates from the visitors in the building; an apparatus-room, which is well filled with instruments topically arranged; and a third room partly devoted to the exhibition of graphic charts, showing some results of modern researches in a form easily taken in by the eye. This last feature is, however, very meagre, owing, I suppose, to the difficulty of getting authors to restate their results in such a form for a special occasion. Another room is given up to an anthropological library of books and journals, only moderately full and representative, and with a rather poor showing for Psychology.

The collection of apparatus is probably the most complete, as a whole, that has ever been made, notwithstanding some obvious deficiencies. For example, instruments for sound and tone-experiments are almost altogether wanting; and if this omission is excusable in the working laboratory, considering the incessant noises made by the busy Fair-goers, it is unaccountable in a simple apparatus exhibit, except on the supposition that makers and owners could not be persuaded to contribute. The pieces for sight, muscle-sense, and color-sense are well chosen, and so is the apparatus for demonstrating the laws of reaction-time and other special psychophysical principles. Of course, it is impossible, without becoming too technical, to give a detailed account of these instruments; but some remarks on a few of the more recent adaptations of physical devices to the needs of psychological research may interest general readers.

The kymograph of Ludwig, exhibited by Petzold of Leipzig, still holds its place as probably the most complete and available apparatus for graphic recording. The instrument at the Fair has, besides a spiral attachment, an excellent device for tilting the revolving drum at any angle to the perpendicular. A new "movement," mounted on a table, devised by Dr. Witmer, and exhibited by the University of Pennsylvania, has a double writing attachment which will be found useful. Rothe of Prague sends a "polygraph" with accessories (after Knoll), which provides a very cheap revolving-drum movement of two velocities, with a variety of tambours for recording, and a seconds-clock for time-mark-

ing. Among other time-measurers, the two latest chronoscopes are those exhibited by Elbs and Verdin, devised respectively by Münsterberg and D'Arsonval. They are both excellently adapted to measurements to hundredths of a second, and both can be made to record thousandths. The D'Arsonval has this advantage over the other, as well as over all previous chronoscopes, viz., that it is practically noiseless. It is also portable, and in its attachments very convenient for the simpler reaction experiments. Among the pieces of apparatus for investigating movement, those of Cattell and Münsterberg are adapted to a great number of special uses; the former affording ready measure of force and rapidity, and the latter of direction, locality, symmetry, etc.

A new improvement in the matter of devices for color-mixing is shown in two instruments to be found among the exhibits of the University of Pennsylvania and the German Universities respectively—the former due to the ingenuity of Dr. Witmer, and the latter worked out by Prof. Ebbinghaus of Berlin. They both have appliances for regulating, during the revolution of the wheel, the amount of surface of each disc exposed. They both secure this (so far as they do secure it) by means of a spiral interlocking arrangement of concentric tubes supporting the different discs, so that by moving one tube within the other it is also turned upon its axis, thus disclosing or concealing more or less of the color-disc which it bears. They both seem to lack, however, an accurate means of recording the exact amount of color change secured by a given amount of longitudinal axis movement. Other interesting pieces of apparatus are the color-contrast instruments of Hering, exhibited by Rothe of Prague; a series of contrivances for utilizing the principle of the Marey tambour, exhibited by Verdin of Paris; the new control-hammer of Wundt, for use in connection with the Hipp chronoscope (in the German educational exhibit); Stumpf's tone instruments (also in the German collection); Münsterberg's large *Augenmass* apparatus for experimental work in the dimensions, locations, etc., of the field of vision; Cattell's dynamometer, and the capital series of simple sense-test appliances exhibited by Jastrow. The universities which contributed most generously of their apparatus, photographs, etc., are Harvard, Toronto, and Wisconsin. The pieces from the Johns Hopkins University are historically interesting.

In the testing-room, a series of interesting sense and memory tests are given to all comers. The educative value to those taking them, and to the public generally, is probably their greatest value under the circumstances, which are not conducive to scientific accuracy. More may be expected, however, from a series of results obtained from different colleges in this country, where the same tests were given to groups of students by competent instructors before the Fair opened. These results, together with a detailed description of the tests themselves, will, it is hoped, be published by Dr. Jastrow. The arrangements for administering these tests, I may add, exhibit much ingenuity; indeed, two of the pieces of apparatus used—one a time-marker constructed on the pendulum principle with well-contrived accessories (from Dr. Fitz of the Lawrence Scientific School), and the other a new falling-screen for brief exposures to the eye, designed by Prof. Jastrow—are, in my opinion, improvements on most of the older contrivances for their particular uses.

Besides this so-called "official" exhibit, the

Fair has other smaller collections. The Deutsche Gesellschaft für Mechanik und Optik displays in the Electricity Building many pieces of apparatus which are in common use with physiologists and psychologists; and I have already referred to the small group put under the head of "psychophysics" in the German educational exhibit in the Liberal Arts. A magnificent piece of work in this latter collection is the apparatus designed for mixing the spectral colors, after Helmholtz. Smaller separate exhibits were also made by the University of Pennsylvania in its general exhibit, and by the University of Illinois, under charge of Prof. Krohn, in the Illinois State Building.

In conclusion, I may be allowed a word of reflection on the present state of experimental psychology so far as it is revealed in these exhibits. Most of the separate instruments are contrivances of particular men for the investigation of particular problems. The science has not yet reached the stage of real demonstration—the stage at which its acknowledged results may be stated under general principles of critical value, whose truth may be shown by a few representative experiments. No doubt we shall, in the future, have more demonstration apparatus of recognized value—apparatus indispensable to teachers in class instruction. But it must be admitted that instruction in this field is now very haphazard, and each teacher is a law unto himself, both as to what he shall teach and as to how he shall teach it.

Another reflection is more encouraging. It arises from the very extraordinary display made by American institutions and professors as compared with those from abroad. And this discrepancy cannot be attributed to lack of interest on the part of the foreign psychologists, for, despite such lack, it is still true that this continent has to-day more chairs for the prosecution of research and teaching than all the world besides, and as many laboratories. The actual results so far attained dispel all fear that the movement is a mistake or a fad; and, with a continuation of the liberal treatment already given to the subject by the universities, great things may be expected in the future.

J. M. B.

THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CULT IN ENGLAND.

ALDEBOROUGH, October 8, 1893.

THERE are some old authors in whose writings survive their living hearts, and among these is Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia. Those who like him, presently love him: they feel as if holding not a mere book, but the warm hand of a friend; and some have heard, as if addressed to themselves, the poet's parting appeal to his friends, near eight centuries ago, that when they met, after he had sped, they would remember "old Khayyám," and "turn down an empty glass." Feelings of this kind, mingled with intellectual appreciation, led to the formation, last year, of the Omar Khayyám Club in London. It is small as yet, consisting of about a dozen gentlemen, who, with almost as many guests, have twice dined together. Each dinner had its artistic *menu*, with pictorial illustrations suggested by one or another of the Quatrains. Among the chief promoters of this club were, and are, Clement Shorter, editor of the London *Illustrated News*; Edwin Clodd, author and banker; William Simpson, artist and traveller; George Whale, solicitor (vice-president of the club); Frederick Hudson, solicitor (secretary of the club); Arthur Hacker; and Justin Hunt-

ly McCarthy, president of the club, who studied Persian that he might read Omar Khayyám in the original, and translate, as he has done, more of the Quatrains. It will always be a question how much of the personality which the lovers of Omar Khayyám find in his Quatrains is derived from his marvellous translator and interpreter, Edward Fitz-Gerald. He has made only 75 out of the 500 Quatrains; but it must be remembered that a larger number have gone into his seventy-five. To Prof. Cowell, by whom his Persian enthusiasm was kindled, Fitz-Gerald wrote (1858): "My translation will interest you from its form, and also, in many respects, its detail; very unliteral as it is. Many Quatrains are mashed together; and something lost, I doubt, of Omar's simplicity, which is so much a virtue in him. But there it is, such as it is." Careful perusal of the more exact translations of Nicolas (in French) and of Whinfield, proves that Fitz-Gerald has indeed taken extensive liberties: with his author as to form, condensing a good deal; but he has not interpolated his own thoughts. Some have supposed that the religious heresies are largely those of Fitz-Gerald, and that Omar Khayyám would have been put to death for writing some of them; but in this respect the English poet has in several lines softened the original.

Fitz-Gerald, also, had a charming personality, a sweetness of heart, that won to him the love of the best men—of Thackeray, the Tennysons, Spedding, Carlyle, Laurence, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Lowell. "His friendships were more like loves," he used to say. Rarely has any man been more beloved. Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, when dying, asked Fitz-Gerald to take some care of his only daughter, and the poet married her. He was about forty at the time (born in 1809), and she a little younger, I believe. Both soon reached the conclusion that they were happier in single life, and parted pleasantly, his comfortable income being equally shared with her. He lived, for the most part alone, in Boulge Hall, not far from the grander "Bredfield," where he was born (near Woodbridge, Suffolk). He could hardly be allured from his literary solitude. He had no ambition for publicity, and it required the persuasion of friends to bring his works to the public. Prof. Norton (whom Carlyle introduced to Fitz-Gerald with great cordiality) induced him to finish and print his two translations from Sophocles. He had as little care for money as for fame. While reading, if bank-notes came, they were apt to be used as bookmarks; a number were found in various volumes after his death, where they were placed and forgotten. He was eccentric in his charities. He invited the fishermen to a festival, and gave them fine old port instead of beer. Hearing that an humble neighbor, a grocer, was in pecuniary difficulties, he bought his entire stock. He was not wealthy, having only about a thousand pounds a year, but he owned his pretty homestead, and he was a practical believer in "plain living and high thinking." He made very little by his publications. Although Quaritch appears in the title of the first edition of the *Rubáiyat* of Omar Khayyám (anonymous), it was not at once sold by Quaritch. Fitz-Gerald had it printed at his own expense, and gave a few about to his friends. Mr. Quaritch tells me that one day Fitz-Gerald, whom he had long known, came to him and threw on the counter about two hundred copies, telling him he was welcome to them. Quaritch began trying to sell them at half a crown, then sixpence, but got them off only at one penny. (I see by Qua-

ritch's last catalogue that he has one copy of that first issue held at five guineas). Dante Rossetti bought a copy, and at once communicated to his circle what a treasure he had found. Swinburne, William Simpson, and others procured copies, and the two hundred gradually came into circulation. Quaritch then brought out a second edition, and, although no money was to be expected, he offered Fitz-Gerald ten pounds, which the translator desired him to present to a Persian famine fund raised at the time.

The earliest critique on the book was, it is believed, written in *Fraser's Magazine* by the late Thomas W. Hinchcliff. Mr. William Simpson, who was Hinchcliff's friend, relates an anecdote about him. Hinchcliff was once at sea near Panama, in a formidable storm, when some on board were expressing doubts whether they could weather it. Hinchcliff said: "He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!" Instantly his hand was seized by an American, named Clarke, who cried, "You have been reading Omar Khayyám!" The two men fairly embraced, on account of the ancient Persian, and remained friends through life. Mr. Simpson could not tell me more about this Clarke, nor his first name, but Mr. Quaritch says that from the first Omar Khayyám has been more widely read in America than in England. The edition of Fitz-Gerald's works, published by Quaritch, and by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is somewhat more complete than the edition of William Aldis Wright (Macmillan), but the latter contains the author's sparkling letters to his friends, giving many glimpses into the literary life of his time.

It is rather remarkable that Fitz-Gerald, though something of a hermit and fond of reverie, should reject mystical interpretations of the "wine" celebrated by Omar Khayyám and by Hafiz. He believes it was real wine, and the 'Rubáiyat' "an epicurean eclogue in a Persian garden"; but he does not suppose that the poets drank very freely of the wine they wrote so much about. Those who remember Fitz-Gerald personally may find some support for the transcendental theory in the fact that he himself, not without mysticism, should have been so absorbed in his Persian as to seem almost his reappearance.

What I have written thus far is mainly the talk of some ten "Pilgrims" (as the London papers call us) who, on October 7, left the great metropolis for the grave of Edward Fitz-Gerald, there to perform a "function." It was to plant beside the grave two little rose-trees bred in Kew Gardens from hips of a rose-tree growing beside the grave of Omar Khayyám at Naishapúr, in Persia. When the Afghan Boundary Commission started, it was instructed to try and find the Soma plant, the ancient Aryan nectar-vine; in this they failed, but William Simpson, when they passed Naishapúr (capital of Khorassan), sought out the grave of Omar Khayyám—which has been preserved, it seems, not from veneration for the heretical poet, but by being in a nook of the domed monument of some once majestic, now forgotten, imam. Omar Khayyám's hope was that the north wind might scatter rose leaves on his grave, and so it is to this day. The seeds were sent to Mr. Thistelton Dyer, who grafted them at Kew. They have not yet budded—being only a foot high—but there is reason to hope that their first petals will open above Fitz-Gerald's dust next year.

Mr. Clodd, who arranged the pilgrimage, had everything prepared. A brake was waiting at Woodbridge Station, and the pilgrims drove through four miles of embowered lanes to

Boulge ("Bowidge," the folk call it), where we saw the poet's ivied home, a cluster of red roses peeping over the wall. There we were joined by Col. Kerrich (Fitz-Gerald's nephew) and the Rev. Mr. Doughty, his co-executor, the polite vicar of the little church (St. Michael's) whose rector had frowned on the homage which included a "pagan." A score of countryfolk, who remembered their benevolent neighbor, were present, and some children; also the family of Mr. Holmes White, the local solicitor, who now reside in Boulge Hall. These young ladies and gentlemen have taken the rose-trees under their care. There were also present several friends of the poet, Mr. Loder of Woodbridge, Mr. Barrett of Ipswich, also Sir Brampton Gurdon, K.C.M.G. After the rose-trees were planted, Mr. Simpson, with uncovered head, gave an account of his visit to the tomb at Naishapúr. The American present gave a brief address, in which the interest of some of his countrymen in Omar Khayyám, and the illustrations by Vedder, were spoken of, and concluded with some translations from the poet, not found in Fitz-Gerald's book, but thought appropriate for the occasion:

"Diversity of worship has divided the human race into seventy-two nations. From among all their dogmas I have selected one—the Divine Love."

"The morning hath already thrown off the veil of darkness. Wherefore thy sadness? Rise up, let us breathe again the morning air before having to long for it. For alas! long enough will the morning breathe when we breathe not."

"The entire world shall be populous with that action of thine which saves a soul from despair."

"A thousand chains of thine own broken by thee are less than to have chained to thee by sweetness the heart of a free man."

"The dogmas admit only what is obliging to the deity. But refuse not thy bit of bread to another, guard thy tongue from speaking evil, and seek not the injury of any being, and I undertake on my own account to promise thee paradise."

"Since from the beginning of life to the end there is for thee only this earth, live at least as one who is on the earth, and not buried under it."

"O my heart, thou wilt never penetrate the mysteries of the universe; thou wilt never reach that culminating wisdom which the intrepid omniscients have attained. Resign thyself, then, to make what little paradise thou canst here below; for, as for that one beyond, thou shalt arrive there, or thou shalt not."

Mr. Edwin Clodd then read some poetry written for the occasion. The poem of Justin Huntly McCarthy was printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and that of Edmund Gosse in the *Athenæum*. Four lines by Grant Allen, sent to Edwin Clodd with deep regret at his inability to be present, and read by Mr. Simpson, represent the feeling pervading other letters sent by eminent men:

"Here, on Fitz-Gerald's grave from Omar's tomb
To lay fit tribute, pilgrim singers flock:
Long with a double fragrance let it bloom,
The rose of Iran on an English stock."

Colonel Kerrich made a felicitous address on behalf of the Fitz-Gerald family; and the Vicar pleasantly promised, for the ladies present and himself, care for the rose-trees. These were removed from pots, and planted by the gardener of Boulge Hall, amid silence, at the head of the slab of rosy granite which marks the grave. An iron frame was placed for their protection, and on it a bronze plate with the words: "This rose tree, raised in Kew Gardens from seed brought by William Simpson, artist-traveller, from the grave of Omar Khayyám at Naishapúr, was planted by a few admirers of Edward Fitz-Gerald in the name of the Omar Khayyám Club, 7 October, 1893." Such is the English answer to Omar's

line, "The flower that once has blown for ever dies."

After looking through the small, but pretty and ancient, church, whose tablets are those of Fitz-Gerald's father, mother, and sister (near which hangs their arms), the pilgrims drove to Grundisburgh Hall, the mansion of Sir William Brampton Gurdon, where we were handsomely entertained at luncheon. Fitz-Gerald was sometimes lured from his retreat to this ancient mansion, because a friend of his there, a lady, excelled in music, of which he was very fond. Sir William is a near relative of the Saltonstalls of Massachusetts. The present baronet's wife has written an interesting book, 'Suffolk Folk-Lore. Compiled by Lady Camilla Gurdon. Introduction by Edwin Clodd.' In this entertaining book, published this year, there is notice of a ghost long supposed to haunt Boulge Hall, and described as "The Queen of Hell." It is the ghost of a Mrs. Short, who murdered a gentleman at Boulge Hall; the blood-stain being said to be still traceable on the floor. She wore, when last seen, a silk dress, and came out of the gates in a carriage, with regular driver but headless horses. That, however, was early in the century, but Mrs. Short has of late been superseded, and the present story is as follows: "At Boulge Hall, upon the stroke of twelve at midnight, a coach drawn by a pair of headless horses, and driven by a headless coachman, who dismounts to open the lodge gates, takes back the ghost of the late owner, Mr. Fitz-Gerald."

After walking about the beautiful grounds of Grundisburgh, the pilgrims departed—some for London again, some to pass the Sunday at Strafford House, seaside residence of Edwin Clodd, at Aldeborough. And it is here, mainly, in the intervals of our Anglo-Oriental symposium, that these wayside notes were jotted down, which are now written out so ramblingly. Even so, let me hope they may be of more value to your readers than any attempt at elaborate treatment of the many literary, philosophical, and religious matters represented in this singular pilgrimage. What Emerson said of every rose may be especially said of our Anglo-Persian rose: It speaks all languages.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

A TRUE REALIST.

ITALY, September, 1893.

It is strange that the little volume of Giovanni Verga, 'Cavalleria Rusticana, and Other Sicilian Peasant Tales,' should appear in the "Pseudonym Library" (London: T. Fisher Unwin), with a publisher's note to the effect that Verga's works have not hitherto been presented to the English public. As soon as Verga's best work, 'I Malavoglia,' appeared in Italy, it was translated by Mary A. Craig, with an introduction by W. D. Howells, under the title of 'The House by the Medlar Tree.' This work gives a very fair specimen of Verga's aims, method, and style; it is a perfect picture of Sicilian life in the fishing villages of the province of Catania, which mostly begin with Aci—Aci Reale being the district; Aci Bonaccorsi, Aci Castello, Aci Trezza, communes, with their separate municipalities and belfry-tower feuds and jealousies. The village of Trezza, or Aci Trezza, is one of the loveliest spots on the eastern coast of Sicily. We spent a day there last year. The shore was covered with artists painting the huge rocky needles which serve as bulwarks to the tiny bay full of fishing boats; and, as one does in Scotland among the scenes

where Walter Scott has laid his stories, we went about trying to find the originals of Verga's humble folk.

When he wrote, the fishermen and the caulkers and the boat-builders were merely grumblers at the new régime because of the taxes, light in comparison in those days to what they are now. Now they are openly rebellious because those same taxes are too heavy to be borne. Save salt, which cannot be taxed because of the innumerable salt-mines and salt-factories, nothing is spared; and, what is worse, as in all small communes in Sicily, the signori fill the posts of honor and of lucre, and put on the taxes as they please. Thus, cattle and horses, their property, are but slightly taxed, while mules and donkeys pay so much that their owner is often obliged to sell his cart to pay for the beast, lest that should be taken also; fruit, vegetables, the very wood that the poor creatures spend hours in collecting, are taxed, and the fish is all bought up by the *maffiosi*, or ring, in Catania, who make all the profits out of the men who daily risk their lives in plying their dangerous trade. The Don Micheles of these days think less of protecting people's property, of saving drowning fishermen, less even of smugglers, so engaged are they in the municipal and political struggles—urging the people to vote for the Government candidate, protecting the partisans of the Government from the just vengeance of the voters whose schedules have been burned or carried off by the Don Silvesters of the hour. You can scarcely take up an English paper without reading of brigands who have sequestered proprietors, or condescended to plunder poor peasants and carters; of murders and woundings, of housebreaking and petty larceny, just as it was in the bad old times of the Bourbons and the still worse ones of the Moderates.

No truer picture did Dickens give of the Debtors' Prison, of the Chancery Court, of Dotheboys Hall, than does Verga of every phase of Sicilian life. His works have not the pathos, or bathos, of Dickens, even as they have not the repulsive details of Zola. He deems that life is sad enough and gloomy enough on its seamy side without the need of piling up the agony by the describer. He, however, spares nothing and no one, and there are notes of warning in even his earliest writings which might have saved many a scene of bloodshed, many a crime, had it been listened to by the classes who have monopolized the power, the wealth, the very sources of production which the makers of Italy fondly thought that they were securing for the masses of the newly liberated country. The 'Cavalleria Rusticana' is a simple incident taken from the daily life of the Sicilian people. They are chivalrous in their barbarous, Old World fashion. The stab from behind is not Sicilian. All the tales told of the Sicilians abroad have to be sifted. Are they malefactors? Then of course they use stratagem, craft, and all other evil means of committing crimes without being found out, just as do the burglars and murderers of every city in the world. But the constant killings and cuttings and woundings that go on among the common people are not inflicted without due notice. A has insulted B at the game of *toccu*, a drinking game in which not the drink, but the possibilities of giving offence, lead to endless quarrels. A knows, and all who are present know, that B will take his revenge where and when he can, but with equal arms. Whoever succumbs and is carried to the hospital is silent as to his antagonist; none of the spectators ever comes forward. Or C has touched D in his woman-

folk. If caught in the act, swift and sudden vengeance follows, and no jury in Sicily—you may say in all Italy—will condemn the avenger. But if the husband or lover or brother learn that his house has been "ornamented" (that is the polite way to put it), just as Verga makes the jealous and abandoned Santa inform Compare Alfio of his misfortune, he takes it quietly, and the scene ensues as follows:

"Turiddu, the seducer, is at the tavern; the outraged husband enters, and merely from the way that he fixes his eyes Turiddu knows that he has come 'about that business,' and lays down his fork, asking, 'Have you any orders for me, Compare Alfio?' 'None. It is some time since we have met, and I came to speak to you of the thing you wot of,' and he puts aside the glass Turiddu offers him, who rises, saying: 'I am here.' The carrier puts his arm round his neck, saying: 'If to-morrow morning you will come to the Indian fig we can talk over the affair. Wait for me at the road and we will go together.' After these words they exchanged the challenge kiss; Turiddu closed his teeth on the ear of the carrier, and thus gave a solemn promise not to fail."

They meet, fight with knives; at the last thrust Alfio wounds Turiddu mortally, saying, "This is for my house which you have ornamented." A newspaper column would contain all Verga's simple story, and you may read it daily in the Sicilian newspapers in much fewer words. This "chivalrous method" of settling their old grievances you will never change among the people, unless, indeed, the signori leave off fighting duels as they do every day. When in 1866, after the revolution of Palermo, got up by the priests and carried out by the very scum of the island, the Government placed the city in a state of siege, and all the populace were disarmed—even the being found with a knife being made punishable—the people, as if with one instinct, found hiding-places in old walls and in holes dug along the shore to hide a couple of knives, so that the free fights went on just as usual. Only when the aggressor is of a higher class and would not stoop to give satisfaction to the injured man of the people, does he take his vengeance when and how he can; but the injurer knows perfectly well that this will be the case, and keeps on his guard as much as possible. The old folk-lore is full of these episodes.

One of Verga's most touching stories is "Jeli the Shepherd," who at thirteen makes friends with Alfonso the signorino (little squire) after they had had a good fight first. He used to teach him how to mount barebacked the wild horses under his care, to rob birds' nests from the tops of trees higher than the belfry tower of Licodia, while Alfonso astonished Jeli with his writing, especially when he wrote the name of Mara, the daughter of the factor for whom Jeli kept the master's herds and whom he meant to marry when he had six ounces of salary (twelve dollars and a half); but of this Mara was to know nothing. Jeli's mother, to whom he used to take his savings once a year, dies; then his father comes to him dying of malaria, which in the plains of Catania "kills more surely than a pistol shot." All sorts of misfortunes befall him: Mara's family go away, then a colt falls over a precipice, and he is sent adrift without his salary and goes where Mara is, and sees that she is going to be married to the son of the factor Neri, "who owned more than twenty head of cattle." But it comes to the intended's ears that Miss Mara was on too friendly terms with Alfonso, the little squire of other days, and the factor, to hush up the scandal, gives Mara to Jeli, who is in the seventh heaven, gets a good place and works like the good husband that he is to please

and satisfy Mara's every caprice. But he has now large flocks of sheep to look after and the cheeses to make, and so he is absent from home weeks and sometimes longer. There are not wanting ill-natured people who hint at Mara's conduct; but Jeli, "who has never lived in the world, understands nothing." Mara welcomes him home, as she always knows when to expect him, but the eve of Santa Barbara he returns suddenly, a horse left with him being ill and needing the blacksmith, who acts as veterinary surgeon. He is left to knock at his house for a long time; the neighbors laugh and jeer. Now, although "all new ideas had difficulty in getting into his head," he becomes thoughtful when he sees Don Alfonso, a handsome young man with a long beard and velvet jacket and a gold chain to his watch. When Alfonso comes to his master's place to a picnic dinner, his heart shrinks, all the more when Mara, who never would come with him, appears, on the pretext that, being *enceinte*, she had a longing for fresh cream cheese. He thinks and thinks. It is the shearing season, and he is very busy, but is ordered to kill two kids, the year-old calf, a turkey, and poultry, and while he is doing this, the merry-makers get up a dance. Alfonso calls Mara to dance. "Don't go, don't go, Mara!" "Why?" "I will not have you go." Mara goes, laughs, dances, flirts with Alfonso, till Jeli, white as death, with his shears in his hand, rushes on Don Alfonso, and cuts his throat with the shears "just as if he had been a kid." They arrest him, bind, and take him before the judge, he making no resistance, only saying, "Come?—how then? Was I not even to kill him? Why, he took Mara from me!" How many of the so-called murders in Sicily occur because the *signorini* will take the one ewe lamb from the peasants and the laborers!

One of the most remarkable of Verga's short tales is entitled 'Libertà,' written as early as 1860, when the inhabitants of the circum-Etna communes rose up against the *galantuomini* who had robbed them of their land and their hard-earned produce and derided them into the bargain. Most horrible crimes were committed, but they were not prompted, as it was thought, by the reactionaries who desired the return of the Bourbon or who were aghast at Garibaldi's impiety. It was the beginning of that land war which, for all who have eyes to see and ears to hear, is preparing in Sicily with equal intensity and with much more method than heretofore in Ireland. But for the volunteers of Messina, the massacres would have been general of the women "whose flesh was formed of partridges and red wine," of the gentlemen with white hands who had never touched a spade or guided a plough. Then Bixio arrived and shot half-a-dozen of the ring-leaders, and hundreds were imprisoned. The trial lasted three years; numbers were sent to the galleys. "To the galleys?" they murmured; "why, none of us has touched a span of land! And they told us that this was the reign of liberty!" Three and thirty years have passed since then, and the question is still unsettled. The *galantuomini*, the syndics, the assessors take possession of the land, sow and reap, and the people starve. This year there have been several riots in Sicily. At Cavaltura the peasants, seeing that the lands said to belong to them were being all "annexed," went one day and dug them over; the troops fired, six were killed, many wounded, others were imprisoned.

Verga, who is a poet as well as an artist, without making any profession of Socialism shows that he sees clearly that the present

state of things cannot last, that the masses are drawing together in an ever-increasing hatred of the classes. As in the 'Malavoglia' he portrays the restless efforts of the very poorest to better their condition, to get some slight addition to their meagre fare, and follows the poor old grandfather (who would have been content to follow his dangerous trade to the last) to his deathbed in the hospital, so in the later volume, 'Mastro Don Gesualdo,' he gives the history of the proud, poor, noble family of the Trao in their crumbling palace—Don Diego and Don Ferdinando, with their young fair sister Bianca, seduced by her cousin, who would marry her if his miserly old mother had not refused him a cent. Nothing will induce Mastro Gesualdo to consent to the marriage, so the family look up a spendthrift duke. The story is a painful one throughout. All Verga's stories are sad, for life is so at this close of the nineteenth century. It is so especially in Italy, where the people are awakened to a sense of their suffering, of their misery, of the injustice that prevents them from bettering their condition. Nothing in Verga's writings tends to foster that discontent. He merely depicts things as they are—the false pride of the poor aristocrat, who will starve in his palace rather than let part of it; the greed of the strong and masterful ones, who, in despite of obstacles, are working their own way up, careless of those who fall under their feet. His satires on the governments of the day are quiet but very bitter. He suggests no remedy, does not seem to see one. Things will take their course, since those who have, take no thought for those who have not. In one of his rare prefaces he writes:

"The continuous, painful, feverish, fatal path which humanity follows in its march of progress is grand in its result seen as a whole and from a distance. In the glorious light which irradiates that path the restlessness, the greed, the selfishness disappear; passions, vices, become transformed into virtues. But the observer, carried away himself by the impetuous torrent, has a right, looking around, to interest himself in the weak ones who fall by the way—in the spiritless ones who allow the waves to overtake them so as to end the sooner, in the vanquished who raise their despairing arms and bow their heads under the brutal feet of the newcomers, the victors of to-day, hurried, eager to arrive, and who will be themselves conquered on the morrow. Who sets himself to observe this spectacle has no right to pass judgment on it. It is much if he succeeds in keeping outside the struggle so as to study it without passion, to depict the scenes faithfully in their natural colors, so as to represent the reality as it is, or as it ought to have been."

In this, Verga succeeds perfectly.

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

LONG'S PORTRAITS OF THE VIRGINIA PRESIDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the bold and somewhat novel outlines in which Prof. Goldwin Smith has limned the characters of some of the founders and early chief magistrates of the republic, in his recent political history of the United States, it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Nation* to catch a glimpse of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe as they appeared to another distinguished Englishman, who personally knew them—the late Prof. George Long, author of 'The Decline of the Roman Republic.' It will be remembered that Mr. Long was one of the group of young Englishmen who, through the influence of Mr. Jeffer-

son, were called to professorships in the University of Virginia on its organization, and who afterwards returned to England to win high rank among the scholars of the mother country. Fifty years after the opening of that university, Prof. Long wrote, under date of Portfield, Chichester, May 30, 1875, to his former pupil and life-long friend, the late Prof. Henry Tutwiler of Alabama, giving his reminiscences of those early days. That letter is now in my possession, and, although it was not intended for print, its historical interest will justify me in giving a few short extracts in which the three ex-Presidents in question are casually mentioned:

"A few days after my arrival at Charlottesville I walked up to Monticello to see Mr. Jefferson. I made myself known to his servant, and was introduced into his great room. In a few minutes a tall, dignified old man entered, and, after looking at me a moment, said, 'Are you the new professor of ancient languages?' I replied that I was. He observed, 'You are very young,' to which I answered, 'I shall grow older.' He smiled and said that was true. He was evidently somewhat startled at my youthful and boyish appearance, and I could plainly see that he was disappointed. We fell to talking, and I stayed to dine with him. He was grave and rather cold in his manner, but he was very polite; and I was pleased with his simple Virginian dress, and his conversation free from all affectation. I remember this interview as well as if it took place yesterday. During my solitary residence before the University opened I visited Monticello several times, and occasionally passed the night there. I thought that he became better satisfied with the boy professor, and we talked on all subjects. He saw that I took great interest in the geography of America and in the story of the Revolution; and he told me much about it, but in a very modest way as to himself. He showed me the original draft of the Declaration of Independence; and he could clearly see that I was in habits, as I have always been and still am, a man who preferred plain republican institutions to the outward show and splendour of European kingdoms."

"I often saw Mr. Jefferson between this time and his death. When he came on his horse to the University, he generally called on me. His thoughts were always about this new place of education, of which he was really the founder; and though the first few years of the University were not quite satisfactory, he confidently looked forward to the future and to the advantages which the State would derive from the young men who were educated in the University of Virginia."

"I remember well a long conversation which I once had with Mr. Jefferson on George Washington. He spoke of him freely and generously, as of a man of great and noble character. Mr. Tucker, in his 'Life of Jefferson,' has given the character of Washington as Jefferson wrote it, and it is perhaps certain that the character was written at the time when Mr. Jefferson spoke of Washington to me, though he told me something more than the written character contains, but nothing contradictory to it. The character is exceedingly well written, and it proves that as a mere writer Jefferson might have excelled most men of his day."

"I discovered that Mr. Jefferson was well acquainted with Polybius, who is not a good writer, but a man of excellent sense and the soundest judgment. The last time that I saw Mr. Jefferson when he was suffering from a complaint which caused his death, he was reading Pliny's letters, and we had some talk about a passage. A few weeks after, when I was at Sweet Springs during the summer vacation, I heard of his death. There was much foolish display on the occasion in Virginia, and some extravagant, bombastic orations. Those who had more sense showed their feeling in another way. The man who had done so much for Virginia and the United States was honored for his services, for his talents, and his grand and simple character. His great deeds are recorded in the epitaph which he wrote for his own tomb."

"Soon after my arrival in Virginia, and it was either in December, 1824, or in January,

1825, I received a letter from Mr. Madison, whom I had not then seen. He asked me if I could write something in the newspapers which would give the people some notion of what I proposed to do as a teacher in the new university. I wrote something which appeared in the *Richmond Enquirer*, but I have no copy of it. Mr. Madison, on reading what I had written, wrote to me a very kind letter. It is enough to say that he was much pleased with what I had done, and with the plain, simple way in which I had expressed my meaning. I often saw Mr. Madison afterwards, and I think that he was one of the most sensible men that I ever spoke to. I do not know what I should think of my youthful work if I saw it now; but Mr. Madison's appreciation makes me suppose that it contained good sense and was of a practical nature, and adapted for the use of the young men whom I was going to teach."

"I once saw Mr. Monroe, who was a Visitor of the University, and I dined in his company with the two other former Presidents, Jefferson and Madison. I could form no opinion of him, for I believe that he said nothing, and only made an unfortunate attempt to say something to me, for I sat by him. After some time he turned to me and said, 'How is your father?' I was so surprised at this question from a man who could have known nothing of my father, who was then dead and had only been in the West India islands, that I made an answer as silly as the question. My answer was, 'I have no father'; and he said no more to me. He was a man very unlike Jefferson and Madison; but I know he had some good qualities and some merits. But I think he must have been rather a dull companion. I have seen letters by Mr. Monroe, and I can testify that he neither wrote well nor observed well the orthography of common practice. Jefferson and Madison wrote in all respects as gentlemen should write. I can now understand how Monroe failed in his orthography. His education, I think, was imperfect; and I admit that I, who was great at spelling in my youth, am now by no means a very good master of orthography, one of the most disorderly parts of our language."

In this simple letter of reminiscence to a friend, Prof. Long does not attempt any subtle analysis of the character and ability of the personages of whom he wrote, such as we have in Prof. Smith's brilliant, but not impartial book; but we see in it no suggestion of the "feminine not to say feline face" which Prof. Smith ascribes to Jefferson, nor of the "somewhat prim mediocrity" which he discovers in Madison.

I cannot help expressing the regret which will be felt by many Southern readers that Prof. Smith's book, the brightest monograph that has yet been written on our political history, should be marred by an apparent prejudice against the Southern people. The student of American history who can see little or no good in our civilization outside of New England, has yet something to learn.

T. C. McCORVEY.

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA,
TUSCALOOSA, September 29, 1893.

NEBRASKA BIMETALLISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial comment on the recent Nebraska Democratic State convention is a further evidence of the fact that the silver sentiment of the West is very much underestimated in the East. I think I speak advisedly when I say that a fair majority of the delegates to that convention were pronounced bimetallists, and at least one-third of the delegates were advocates of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one. The fact is notorious that this convention was packed and manipulated by patronage dispensers, made up of federal appointees and post-office applicants. Every applicant for a federal position that had been endorsed by the Democratic

State central committee was advised by letter that his endorsement *might* be subject to reconsideration, and was admonished to attend the convention as a delegate, or see to it that none but reliable Administration men were placed on the delegation; and many a delegate fixed his eye on a promised appointment, swallowed his convictions, misrepresented his constituency, and voted at the dictation of the patronage dispensers.

Your editorial does Mr. Bryan an injustice when you say, "Mr. Bryan thereupon announced that he should join the Populists." Mr. Bryan made no such announcement. He did say: "When I am convinced that the Democracy of this State are in favor of a single gold standard, I will serve my people under some other name." Mr. Bryan knows full well that this promise threatens no change in his party affiliations. Mr. Bryan has thousands of admirers in this State, myself among the number, who believe him honest in his position, but who do not endorse his sixteen-to-one ideas nor look with favor on his position towards the repeal of the purchase clause. Nebraska Democrats are in favor of the repeal of the purchase clause, but have faith that the Administration will carry out the promises of the Chicago platform and legislate to the end that both gold and silver shall be the money of the country, and shall be received and coined without charge for mintage. The sixteen-to-one wail that comes from the silver States meets with no approval from the thinking Democrats of Nebraska, for it smells of the paternalistic ideas of the McKinleyites; but when the Eastern press seeks to make the public believe that Nebraska Democracy is advocating a single gold standard, it is either deceived or deceiving.

BIMETALLIST.

OMAHA, NEB., October 15, 1893.

MEDICAL EXAMINERS FOR PENSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The degree of debauchment to which the public morality has been led by our iniquitous pension system is constantly exposed by the *Nation*, and numerous remedies as frequently suggested. Among the latter, however, I have failed to find one which, it appears to me, would tap the root of the evil, and it is—if I may be permitted to offer it to the public—that the examinations of candidates for pensions be confined to the medical officers of the army and navy. They are peculiarly well fitted for such duty, and the amount of expense involved in their mileage, if it should be found necessary to order them occasionally from point to point, would in no sense approach that of maintaining the present "army of pension examiners," which, as I know from personal observation, is recruited frequently from medical men of neither professional nor moral standing in their respective communities.

If the *Nation* would publish this letter, or, better still, urge this idea editorially, I believe the Government would be saved an enormous expense, and the appearance of a worthy pensioner's name on the list be relieved of the tinge of suspicion or dishonor that now surrounds it. The crown ulcer of the present cancerous system is undoubtedly the method pursued in selecting the pseudo-medical examiners—men who, nine times in ten, if they possess any professional knowledge, are so far lost to all moral sense that they prove but tools in the hands of their vicious but virtual creators, the pension agents.

B.

MISSIONARY THORNTON'S DEATH IN ALASKA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Missionary annals record no more pathetic death than the murder of H. R. Thornton in far-off Alaska and the flight of his poor wife, news of which was telegraphed from the Pacific coast less than two weeks ago. The details of the tragedy are very meagre, giving only the fact that the murder was committed by a group of Eskimo boys, pupils in Mr. Thornton's school, and that the elder part of the community at once put to death several of the boys implicated in the affair. But I am just in receipt of a letter from Mr. Thornton (probably by the steamer which brought Mrs. Thornton to San Francisco) which shows that the cloud was gathering when the letter was written; the lives of the four whites had already been attempted, and they feared the worst. This last letter of Mr. Thornton is an appeal for help—congressional help in the way of money for protection, and especially for protection against the *liquor traffic*. A copy of a little yearly paper, from Cape Prince of Wales, opens with the sentence: "The liquor question in the Arctic is a question of self-preservation to white residents and the Eskimo race"—a fact true of many places south of Alaska!

Mr. Thornton's loss is a grievous one to his friends and to the work. He was a man of very great ability and culture. Coming as he did out of one of Virginia's most brilliant groups of brothers, he was a first-honor man at old Hampden-Sidney College and a distinguished graduate of the University of Virginia. In his life he was scrupulously careful and manly. His last letter gives repeated expression to a full trust in God and confidence in the future of the work in Alaska. There will, no doubt, appear some more extended and authoritative account of his life and death. I simply offer this tribute as but a suggestion of what might be said.

JOHN A. PRESTON.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., October 17, 1893.

PROFESSOR SAUPPE'S LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It will be of interest to all students of philology to learn that the library left by Prof. Sauppe, the famous philologist of Göttingen, is to be offered for sale. This collection includes 9,000 volumes relating to classical philology and archaeology. The library has been examined by Prof. Wilhelm Meyer and Carl Dziatzko of Göttingen, who say that it is one of the choicest and most valuable libraries of its kind that ever have been offered for sale.

Believing that the fact above mentioned will be of interest to the readers of your esteemed paper, I take the liberty of communicating it to you.—Respectfully,

DR. CONSTANTIN NÖRRENBURG,
Commissioner German Library Exhibit.

NO. 2 GERMANIA PLACE,
CHICAGO, October 16, 1893.

Notes.

J. SELWYN TAIT & SONS have ready for publication 'The Larger Life,' by the Rev. Henry Austin Adams, and 'The Soul of the Bishop,' by John Strange Winter.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, announce 'The Literary Study of the Bible,' an account of the

leading forms of literature represented in the Scriptures, by Richard G. Moulton, M. A.

The volume of poems, lyrics, songs, and sonnets by Charles H. Crandall, called 'Wayside Music,' to be published by the Messrs. Putnam, will be issued in a limited edition. A frontispiece will be furnished by Rosina Emmet. One-quarter of the collection has not hitherto appeared in print.

Brentano has in press 'Modern Scientific Whist,' by C. D. P. Hamilton.

How evanescent are the charms of the light essays on life, letters, and things in general with which the magazines regularly furnish us, one scarcely realizes until he sees them put on the outward appearance of books. The spice of anecdote and allusion and the meandering grace which characterize Miss Reppier's contributions to the *Atlantic* have, no doubt, won for her a place in the affections of many of the readers of that magazine; Mr. E. S. Martin's jocosely serious comments on life, in the style in which Robert Grant at present excels, may also easily have amused, or perhaps instructed, numbers of people who stumbled on them in the public prints. When, however, this disconnected matter is collected respectively in 'Hours of Idleness' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) and 'Windfalls of Observation' (Charles Scribner's Sons), it is hard to determine what their functions as books are, or to what public they address themselves. Those who read the magazines have already sated their appetites, and those who do not—Mr. Howells holds that the two classes are thoroughly distinct—can hardly have much taste for a course here and there from the banquets of seasons gone by.

Nor is the case greatly different with the miscellaneous essays—on more serious subjects, it is true—which Mr. Gosse collects under the title of 'Questions at Issue' (D. Appleton & Co.), defend the christening as he may by insisting in his preface that they have the common bond of treating unauthoritatively some of the unsettled critical questions of our time. Interesting as most of these essays are, they are not only now out of season, but incapable by their very shreds-and-patches quality of being woven into a single well-organized volume. If one should chance to be curious as to what Mr. Gosse thought of Kipling in 1891, or as to what part he took in such and such a discussion in the *Forum* in 1889, he could readily find what he desired from the periodical files in any good library. But in a book the reader—or, at least, the buyer—expects something more than miscellaneous literary matter. Of course, the case is different when the author's opinion on even a bundle of unrelated subjects is of high importance. We cannot, however, with safety set so high a value on Mr. Gosse's work. He has a deft hand and a dainty touch, and to read him is to row with the tide; but at best he offers us decidedly more style than substance. Even one who holds the tenets Mr. Gosse advances, finds himself unsatisfied with the justification they receive at his hands.

In 'An Embassy to Provence' (The Century Co.) Mr. Thomas A. Janvier has given a delightful account of a delightful trip in a one-horse "shay" to Avignon and neighboring towns. His purpose was to meet and become acquainted with the Provençal poets who form the brotherhood of *Félibres*, and who count among their number men like Mistral (a photogravure of whom forms the frontispiece to the volume), Roumanille, Gras, Mathieu, Tavan, and others. The magic charm of Provence and its poetry quickly fell upon Mr. Janvier, and it is in sympathetic and appreciative mood that he describes the scenes, the men and

the women he saw and met. A large measure of the fragrance of the sunny South has passed into his book—something of the witching grace of Daudet when he writes of the beloved land of mirage; so that, quite apart from the useful information the author has collected in his pages, he has succeeded in making his readers understand that the *Félibre* movement is not a mere ebullition of poetic fancy, but the expression in an already rich and true literature of a deep patriotic feeling. Readers who learn something of these poets of southern France from Mr. Janvier's daintily written pages will surely be tempted to extend their knowledge of the *Félibrige* and the works of the first rank to which it has given birth.

Prof. Genung's 'Practical Rhetoric' has been for some years one of the best-known text-books on that subject in common use in colleges. The author has now followed a prevailing tendency in treating almost the same material in a much more elementary fashion, in his 'Outlines of Rhetoric' (Ginn & Co.), for the use of high schools and academies. In many respects the smaller book is an improvement on the larger. It is more simple in plan, more compact, and shows the same good sense and absence of fussiness. This new attempt to make plain to children what has long been reserved for young men, will benefit the ordinary high-school curriculum, and help to hasten the day when colleges will no longer be obliged to waste precious time on elementary rhetorical training.

College instructors who give courses in argumentative composition will be glad to have their attention called to G. P. Baker's 'Specimen Briefs' (Cambridge: Harvard Coöperative Society), a pamphlet containing a large variety of briefs actually drawn by Harvard students in preparation for argumentative essays. Accompanying each brief are criticisms, and, in most cases, suggestions as to the precise way in which the plan in question could be improved.

'Old Anti-Slavery Days' is the title of a volume embodying the proceedings of a notable gathering held at Danvers, Mass., on April 26 of the present year, under the auspices of the local historical society (Danvers: Rev. W. M. Ayres). A large and representative number of veteran abolitionists and their posterity was in attendance; and the brief speeches, the letters from those unable to be present, and the biographical sketches in the appendix both reflect the spirit of the anti-slavery movement and add not a little of interest to its annals. Reminiscence here sometimes goes astray, as it will, and reports the thing that was *not*, or confounds date and place; nevertheless, this volume ought to find its way into every collection of anti-slavery literature.

Dr. W. Peterson's critical and explanatory edition of the 'Dialogus' of Tacitus (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan) begins with a long introduction on the question of authorship (decided in favor of Tacitus) and date, on the matter of the dialogue with its language and style, and on the MSS. The bibliography shows that this work has been all but neglected hitherto by English and American scholars. The text is the result of most careful study, and differs often from that of Halm. The notes are full, and the evidences of painstaking work shown throughout the volumes make it a worthy companion to the editor's tenth book of Quintilian.

A new edition has just reached us of vols. i. and ii. of Prof. Jebb's 'Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isæus' (Macmillan). This masterly work, as valuable to the English student of oratory as to the classical scholar, was noticed

in our columns on its first appearance seventeen years ago. We observe no changes in the present edition, except the new indexes required by a slight alteration of the pages in reprinting. The author has reverted to the conservative spelling of proper names, *e. g.*, Andocides, Clearchus (*vice* Andokides, Klearchos, of the former edition).

Dr. Fennell's 'Pindar' has long been favorably known to Pindaric scholars as the most important complete edition of the odes published in England. A new edition just issued ('The Olympian and Pythian Odes,' Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan), is primarily intended for students, and is very similar in scope and purpose to Prof. Gildersleeve's work, to which the editor makes repeated reference and due acknowledgment. It is remarkable for the self-denying brevity and pertinence of the introductions and notes, which condense in the smallest compass a vast amount of research, sound scholarship, and sober independent judgment. Touching Mr. Bury's extreme application of Mezer's theory of "verbal responsions" or catchwords, Dr. Fennell is somewhat sceptical. He concludes that responsion of single words recurring in exactly the same position as regards metre is as a rule without significance, and may sometimes be due to chance. Such responsions, he suggests, may be partly due "to perfunctory compliance with a lyric tradition derived from earlier and simpler forms of verse in which repetition had been both effective and significant."

It is always a satisfaction to open a new volume bearing Ferdinand Brunetière's name. He is at once so solid and so clear, so thoughtful himself and suggestive of thought in others, so bold in the novelty of some of the views he puts forward, and so dominating, aggressive, one might almost say, in his manner of pressing his arguments, that never yet has an intelligent reader wearied of following him. A declared believer in the law of evolution, he has applied it with singular success to the elucidation of literary movements. In the present volume, the fifth of the series of "Études critiques sur l'histoire de la littérature française" (Paris: Hachette), he has collected five essays which have appeared in reviews and magazines. All are interesting and valuable, the first and third particularly so, for they are excellent examples of his method. In the first ("La réforme de Malherbe et l'évolution des genres") he controverts the widespread belief that Malherbe broke completely with Ronsard and the *Pléiade* to inaugurate a new movement. On the contrary, according to M. Brunetière, Malherbe could not so break, and the influence of Ronsard was felt by him at the same time that he tended practically to the same end as that poet. In the last, and shortest, article in the volume, "Le caractère essentiel de la littérature française," he takes a comprehensive view of the literature of France, and brings out in a luminous manner its "sociable" character. Every page of the book is worth reading.

M. Ernest Tissot has written a book at once interesting and bold, 'Le Drame norvégien—Henri Ibsen; Björnsterne Björnson' (Paris: Perrin & Cie.). The boldness of it lies in his quiet assertion that Ibsen, though making use of a different poetic, is truer to nature than the most realistic of French dramatists, and, in many respects, superior to Augier and Dumas the younger, while Sardou is quite unworthy to be named beside him. In this latter opinion many will heartily concur, though they may not be disposed to agree that the work of

Dumas and Augier is almost pure conventionality in comparison with Ibsen's. M. Tissot does genuine service, in his book, both to the pair of famous Norwegian writers and to the French public, by giving the latter a good insight into the marked personality of Ibsen and Björnson, and by briefly summarizing and describing their works. His effort in this respect is in many ways akin to Mme. de Staël's successful attempt to reveal to the French of her day the beauties of Goethe, Schiller, and other Germans. To Americans, what M. Tissot has to say is not novel; to most Frenchmen it will come as a revelation, in spite of the work already done by Mme. Arvède Barine and Count Prozor.

We have been dilatory in calling attention to a charmingly printed and useful little book now several months old, viz., Guido Mazzoni's 'Avviamento allo studio critico delle Lettere Italiane' (Verona: Fratelli Drucker). It was written by a teacher who has the good sense to acknowledge that even his advanced pupils are often ignorant as to the terms employed in describing books and manuscripts, the names and functions of common books of reference, and the location and contents of the great Italian libraries. All this and much more the little book tells us, and any one who has to do with Italian literature will find it an excellent manual to consult for many matters seemingly so obvious or so trivial as to be neglected by the larger books of reference.

The Bulletin of the Italian Dante Society for February, 1892, has at last appeared, simultaneously with the double number for June, 1893. The latter contains further directions for the exhaustive description and classification of manuscripts of the 'Divine Comedy' which the society has undertaken, as well as an elaborate account, covering more than a hundred pages, of the manuscripts now in the Riccardiana at Florence.

The educational section of the Liberal Arts Building, and the Woman's Building, divide the contents of Part seven of the 'Book of the Fair' (Chicago: Bancroft Company; New York: Rhule, Thomas & Co.). The illustrations are as abundant as ever, if not always precisely designated, and remain the chief excuse for this expensive work.

Mr. Arthur J. Balfour has found time, amid the distractions of home rule, bimetallism, and parliamentary fencing, to prepare for the October issue of *Mind*, a paper entitled "A Criticism of Current Idealistic Theories." He describes it as a chapter from an as yet unfinished book. He presses the question whether idealists must not grant "that, in all experience, there is a refractory element which, though it cannot be presented in isolation, nevertheless refuses wholly to merge its being in a network of relations," even though the latter may be necessary to give this "refractory element" significance for us as thinking beings. Mr. Balfour accepts the Kantian dictum that "without matter categories are empty," and insists upon its rigid application as against idealists themselves. His conclusion—so far as he reaches any—is that neither idealism nor empiricism provides any method for extracting general truths out of particular observations unless some general truths are first assumed. Perhaps this is as far as the author of 'A Defence of Philosophic Doubt' can be expected to go.

The *Geographical Journal* for October opens with a paper by Mr. W. M. Conway, principally interesting for its graphic accounts of the mud avalanches in the upper Himalayas and the "astounding" scenery of the Hunza val-

ley, lately acquired by the British. He calls attention especially to the extent and frequency of these avalanches, making them a powerful agent in determining the physical character of the country which geographers and geologists have hitherto overlooked. There is also an unusually interesting account of Lieut. Peary's Arctic work, prepared from his unpublished note-books by Mr. C. C. Adams, in which special recognition is made of the value and importance of the ethnographical work of the expedition, "the most noteworthy yet done among the Arctic Highlanders." Among the other articles are an address before the Teachers' Guild Conference, held at Oxford, by Prince Krapotkin, on the teaching of physiography, which is in fact an earnest appeal for making the natural sciences the very foundation of education; and the opening address to the Geographical Section of the British Association by the President, Mr. H. Seebohm, a popular description of the North Polar Basin, closing with a very striking account of the sudden transition from winter to summer in the Arctic regions of Siberia, when the disappearance of the ice on its breaking up in the rivers is almost inconceivably rapid. An accompanying series of six maps shows the river basins, the heights and depths, the temperature of the coldest and warmest months, the amount of rain and snow, and the vegetation of this region.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* also publishes Mr. Seebohm's address at Nottingham, together with the notes, chiefly geological, of a journey in southern Africa from Mafsonaland to the east coast. Besides the usual carefully prepared monthly record, reviews of geographical literature, and lists of new maps, we remark a very appreciative notice of the late Surgeon-Major Parke, the medical officer of the Stanley expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha.

As our English dictionaries tend to become encyclopædias, so atlases encroach on the domain of the gazetteer and 'Statesman's Year-book' or political almanac. That new third edition of Kiepert's 'Grosser Hand-Atlas' which the house of Dietrich Reimer is issuing in Berlin, accompanies each map with statistics of government, area, population, industry, financial condition, etc., and with an index of places in which population is affixed to each name. The amount of information thus condensed is very great, and much enhances the value of the work. The third and fourth parts are before us with fine maps of the whole of Europe, of Russia, the German Empire in detail, Belgium and Holland, England, Spain and Portugal, and middle Italy; singularly clear, in spite of an exceptional fulness of places.

From the same house we have a notable map of the globe with reference to sea-soundings, coaling-stations and docks, submarine cables, and overland telegraphs. This work proceeds from a bureau of the Navy Department. It is in three sheets to be joined in mounting. The land surface is indicated as well as the ocean depths.

—The fourteenth volume of Washington's Writings completes the task of the editor, Mr. Worthington C. Ford, and publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. A "Note" contains information not communicated in the preface to vol. i., viz., that this edition is a "selection from the wealth of material found," with intent, to "preserve a proper balance between the public and the private acts of the man, so displaying his character more fully than has been

done." We now learn, too, for the first time, that while Mr. Ford prints about 500 more letters than Sparks, he omits at least as many which Sparks printed, making good the room by drawing more freely "on the diaries, farm journals, and plans of campaigns and of army organization." There is a special index to these omissions, to which must be added the unused parts of letters that furnish illustrative extracts for footnotes. While in his preface four years ago Mr. Ford had a grateful word for historical societies throughout the country (and especially the Massachusetts society) that had assisted him, in his "Note" he excepts the New York and the Long Island societies; so that, slight as may hereafter be the inducement to print another edition of the Writings, Mr. Ford's is evidently not final in respect to what may yet be brought to light, as it is not in the perplexing choice between the numerous forms of the extant documents. It was Mr. Ford's plan to indicate in the present volume "the source of the printed version, whether an original, a draft, a transcript, contemporary letter-book, or a late copy"; but the labor probably seemed too great, even if it were worth while, and the attempt has been abandoned, the reader being left to reconcile as well as he can the inconsistency of literal and conventional reproductions of Washington's MS. Altogether, however, the "father of his country" is to be found entire in Mr. Ford's volumes, which cannot be read, especially in these degenerate days of national statesmanship, without increased admiration for Washington, and without a sense of obligation to his latest editor.

—This obligation is much enhanced by the chief feature of the volume before us, namely, the Washington pedigree, charted and set forth in detail for eleven generations, with wills, etc., together with a succinct history of the tracing of it, from Sir Isaac Heard to Mr. Waters and even (as our readers are not ignorant) to Mr. Ford himself, who has discovered some important links in the now convincing chain of evidence. This is a very valuable service indeed, and well-nigh final, though one represses a wish to see this chapter made a separate publication just yet. The remaining contents—Washington's correspondence of 1798, 1799, Tobias Lear's account of his death, the action of Congress thereon, his will, etc.—make a pathetic impression. His being dragged back into the public service by fears of an attack from France, leading to his appointment as commander-in-chief of a provisional army; the annoyances which immediately beset him from a want of cooperation on the part of Adams's Administration; the waning strength of Federalism; his overburdened estate, on which he maintained twice as many negroes as were profitable, whom he could not free; as they were mixed up with his wife's dower, and would not on principle sell or hire out; finally his last ailment, with the unskilful treatment and suffering end—make a picture in one tone. Mr. Ford tells the checkered fate of the will, which, being transferred for safety during the civil war to Richmond, was there exposed to the looting of the office of the State Secretary, and thrown into a rubbish heap. It now reposes in its original depot, the Fairfax County Court-house. Mr. Ford is able to fix the location of Washington's landed property in the District of Columbia devised in the will. An appendix contains a letter from Cambridge, dated August 20, 1775, which is quite the most remarkable in the volume on account of its strong and

contemptuous judgment of "the People of this government." Washington was particularly incensed by the cowardice and peculation of the Massachusetts officers. The men, he concedes, might fight very well if properly officered, "although they are an exceeding dirty and nasty people." These privates, as he wrote to Richard Henry Lee nine days later, could not be induced "to believe that there is or can be any danger till the Bayonet is pushed at their Breasts"; not "from any uncommon prowess, but rather from an unaccountable stupidity in the lower class." In the former letter Washington censures the defeat at Bunker's Hill, as the fault of the officers. We conclude these remarks by calling attention to the last letter penned by Washington, the day before his death, which is given in facsimile in the current issue of the *Pennsylvania Magazine of American History*, for October. Its intrinsic value is nil, but the sentimental interest attaching to it would have insured it a place in Mr. Ford's collection if it had been available in season.

—Following in due sequence his school editions of Caesar and of Cicero's Orations, President Harper, with Dr. F. J. Miller, gives us an edition of the 'Bucolics' and the first six books of the 'Æneid' (American Book Co.). The unique thing about it is that the notes, which are on the same page as the text, contain nothing whatever of a grammatical nature, but are designed "to afford stimulus and material for the study of the poet from a literary point of view." These notes, therefore, while presenting the usual brief explanations on points of antiquarian lore, are chiefly remarkable for containing a large collection of passages taken from Greek, Latin, Italian, and English authors in relation to whom Virgil stands either as the imitator or as the imitated. If the boy could be made to read them (a point, by the way, on which the gravest doubt may be entertained), such passages would be very enlightening to him. With the too narrow range of classical authors now read in our schools, it is extremely desirable that the student should be shown how wide a field there is beyond, and how great is the debt which modern literature owes to the ancient. Whether, however, such passages are really instructive as to the actual meaning of Virgil, and help to a real understanding of the Latin language in the *Latin*—whether they assist the boy to put himself in the place of a Roman reader and to get the Roman point of view—these are questions still *sub judice* and too long to discuss here. But about one point we feel no doubt, and this is that the series of supplementary notes contained in a dozen pages at the end of the book is a positive evil, for these notes contain nothing but out-and-out translations into English, without a word of explanation, of the more difficult passages in the poems. Such a translation, of course, applies only to the passages in question, the boy swallows it bodily, and it is of no more use to him, when he meets a similar phrase in his future reading, than is last month's pill for this month's headache. Such a passage should be explained by the teacher in the classroom without translation, and translation should never be employed until the boy has been made to feel the Latin thought as it stands in the Latin itself. Grammatical, prosodial, and rhetorical studies of Virgil are not neglected in this edition, but all such matters are treated in an introduction and by the "inductive method"; the treatment is excellent of its kind. Antiquities are illustrated by about fifty woodcuts in the text.

(with no references to the sources from which they are taken), and by a dozen full-page copies of ancient statues and modern paintings.

—A very sumptuous edition of Catullus, together with the "Pervigilium Veneris," is that of Mr. S. G. Owen (London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Macmillan). It is a quarto, printed on the finest and heaviest hand-made paper, with wide margins and rough edges, and it is illustrated with eight beautiful photographures designed by Weguelin. The notes at the end are purely critical, and show at a glance that the value of the book does not rest alone upon the lavishness of its outer attire, and that it is no mere *édition de luxe* of somebody else's work. Mr. Owen has bestowed upon these texts the same careful work which made his edition of Ovid's 'Tristia' invaluable for the critical study of those poems. While using the best editions as a foundation, he has not followed slavishly in the footsteps of any of the modern editors, and has even, in numerous places in Catullus, had recourse once more to a fresh collation of the Oxford MS. His own emendations and corrections he admits into the text in about twenty passages of Catullus, and in three or four of the "Pervigilium." Most of them have already been submitted to criticism, having first appeared in the pages of the *Classical Review*; all deserve respectful attention and study. It is only to be regretted that the magnificence of the book makes its price so high as to put it out of the reach of most scholars.

—Regarding "The Division of Words," a correspondent writes:

"The dispute in your column is no new thing under the sun. It was evidently rife among the Romans in the Augustan age, and Augustus himself, in this altercation as in so many other emergencies, proved an artful dodger. He offended neither party and was safe from the criticism of both. He never divided his words at all. We read in Suetonius (Augustus, § 87): 'In his handwriting I have especially noticed this: he does not divide words, nor, when letters are too many, does he carry them over from the end of lines to another, but at once writes them there underneath, and draws a line round them' (Notavi et in chirographo ejus illa praecepit: non dividit verba, nec ab extrema parte versuum abundantes literas in alterum transfert, sed ibidem statim subjicit, circumducitque.) Whatever the imperial division of words might have been, Augustus must have been suspected of partiality. But, thanks to a masterly evasion, he was as safe as the fox who, after running into his hole, pulls in the hole after him, or as the modern Paris in a picture at Chicago who eats up the apple himself, leaving the goddesses with much to lament but nothing to complain of."

—The Oxford and Cambridge certificate examination lists, published in the *Guardian* of September 13, give some interesting indications of the condition of the higher education in England. The number of candidates was 1,683, an increase of 100 on the previous year, and they were sent by 80 schools. Several of the largest, however, as Harrow, Marlborough, and Charterhouse, were not represented. Eton heads the list with sixty boys, followed closely by Winchester, Rugby, and St. Paul's, London. The subjects for examination were 19, and 1,486 offered for elementary mathematics, 1,274 for Latin, 1,214 for Scripture knowledge, 1,025 for Greek, 1,012 for history, 1,001 for French. Natural science was divided into six subjects, and the total number offering was 435. As compared with last year, the students in the following subjects have decreased, viz., history, botany, and physical geography; in the three divisions of "natural philosophy"

there has been no increase, while the proportional numbers are the same in elementary mathematics and Scripture knowledge; and there has been a decided increase in French, German, and Greek, but especially in Latin. This would seem clearly to indicate that the leading public and grammar schools still hold fast to what have long been regarded as the best instruments of mental training, with a recognition of the unwisdom of the neglect of foreign languages in former days. The "honors" numbered 518, the higher mathematics leading with 95 (including a boy of thirteen), and being followed by French 78, English 73, Greek 51, and Latin 89. Two boys gained honors in five subjects, viz., Latin, Greek, German, Scripture, and history. The lists also show that the number of girl candidates has increased, and that they offer principally French, German, elementary mathematics, and the "English" subjects. Greek and (rather singularly) music and drawing are hardly offered at all. The number of "honors" was very creditable, the 154 successful students receiving 86 "distinctions." The "lower certificates," for boys who do not intend to go to the universities, were given to 406 out of 888 candidates, a slight increase over 1892. The leading subjects were mathematics, French, English history, Scripture, and Latin, there being a very marked increase in the number offering English history.

LOWELL'S EVE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The Eve of the French Revolution. By Edward J. Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In the *ancien régime* lies the explanation of the Revolution: the state of France during the fifty years or so which preceded 1789 makes intelligible the fall of the French Monarchy, the foundation of the Republic, and the growth of the Empire. Yet there are thousands of educated men and women, throughout the length and breadth of the United States and of England, who find it impossible to obtain any clear idea of French society during the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. They have neither the time nor the opportunity to consult original authorities. Tocqueville's 'Ancien Régime,' every sentence of which contains some new thought, is incomprehensible to students who have not some acquaintance with the general history of France. Taine's volumes are easier reading than Tocqueville's succinct treatise; diffuseness is more intelligible than compression. Yet Taine does not provide for Englishmen exactly the guidance they need. Readers are perplexed by the mass of Taine's facts; they lose the outline in the details of the subject dealt with by their author. It is, moreover, impossible not to feel that Taine's work, lengthy though it be, is fragmentary and incomplete. He is most anxious to support certain political or social theses. But his desire to instruct exceeds his power of narration. To any man who has a general knowledge of the state of France immediately before the Revolution, Taine's first and second volumes are full of instruction; but no one, from the mere perusal of Taine's pages, will obtain any clear view of the state of France on the eve of the Revolution.

This bird's-eye view is exactly what Mr. Lowell's 'Eve of the French Revolution' supplies. It is not, nor does it pretend to be, a work of original research. It is a short treatise or essay; it does not lay before the public the

original, and probably therefore worthless, notions of a writer who propounds new opinions of the Revolution, but sums up the assured results attained by historians and thinkers such as Tocqueville and Taine. The practical effect of Mr. Lowell's labors is most satisfactory. Any one who studies his pages will be freed from the two delusions which prevent Englishmen and Americans from understanding either the *ancien régime* or the political catastrophe which brought the *ancien régime* to its close.

The first of these delusions is, that France immediately before the Revolution suffered under gross and cruel tyranny. No idea is more prevalent and no idea has less real foundation. Of its prevalence any one may judge who meditates upon the doctrine inculcated by the most popular and the most worthless of Dickens's stories, the 'Tale of Two Cities.' What Dickens believed, and what he wished to impress upon his readers, is clear enough. He held French society to be a world full of knaves and tyrants, in which men and women of worth and character were oppressed by dissolute and tyrannical noblemen; he teaches that the outrageous crimes of the oppressors of France at last brought upon the country a just and dramatic retribution which unfortunately fell, as the vengeance of history is apt to do, more severely upon the victims than upon the perpetrators of iniquity. The Revolution thus looked at is a terrible storm necessary to clear the moral atmosphere of France from wickedness and cant. This doctrine, preached under different forms in England by Carlyle and Dickens, and in France by such writers as Victor Hugo and Michelet, has obtained the widest circulation among the English people on both sides of the Atlantic. In London and in New York ninety-nine men out of a hundred believe that, in 1789, the Bastille was filled with hundreds of captives, and would be startled to find that, as was the fact, the fall of the fortress released but six or seven prisoners. How erroneous is this popular picture of France during the second half of the eighteenth century, will at once become apparent to any one who reads with intelligence Mr. Lowell's brief but lucid rendering of Tocqueville's or of Taine's teaching. France no doubt suffered a good deal from a kind of governmental despotism and caprice which is inconsistent with the respect for fixed law characterizing English constitutionalism no less under the rule of the American commonwealth than under the rule of the English monarchy. But to admit that, under Louis XVI. or his predecessor, Frenchmen did not enjoy that sort of freedom which has always seemed of priceless value to the English people, is a different thing from allowing that, immediately before the meeting of the States-General, France groaned under a grievous and intolerable despotism.

No assertion could be further from the truth. The power of the French monarch was in theory unlimited, but in practice it was hampered on all sides. The French nobility enjoyed unjust privileges which profoundly irritated the nation, but it is the height of ignorance to suppose that the French nobility were as a class the oppressors of their countrymen. French nobles sympathized warmly with the American struggle for independence; French nobles ardently desired the meeting of the States-General. One reason why the commons were so strong was that many of the nobility shared the aspirations of the middle classes. The more you look into the matter in detail, the more clearly you perceive that not cruelty

and tyranny, but sentimentality and philanthropy, were the marked features, one may almost say the vices, of the nobility, who in their ignorance hailed with delight a revolution which proclaimed the doctrine of universal equality. In all countries, and especially in France, social feeling counts for a great deal more than the law of the land. When the Revolution broke out, there existed in France many iniquitous laws and many oppressive institutions; but it is clear enough that a generation which adored Rousseau was filled with humane and philanthropic sentiment.

The second of the delusions which prevent many Englishmen from really understanding the course of the Revolution is the idea that, because the French monarchy was not an oppressive despotism, the French people had no valid ground for detesting the *ancien régime*. This is an error which has infected some of the most powerful thinkers. It vitiates all Burke's speculations about the Revolution. He saw with greater clearness than any man of his generation, we might almost say than any man who has lived since his time, both the speculative unsoundness of Revolutionary principles and the practical viciousness of Revolutionary methods; he all but prophesied, during the sittings of the National Assembly, both the horrors of the Reign of Terror and the advent of a military despot. But he either would not or could not perceive why it was that Frenchmen preferred enduring the brutal cruelty of Jacobin tyranny to incurring the risk of a Restoration. Taine, with far less excuse than Burke, is guilty of a similar blindness. When he dwells on all the evils of the Jacobin conquest, he is apt to use expressions which suggest that, under the mild rule of Louis XVI., the French people had no reasonable ground for desiring fundamental changes. Yet every attempt to rehabilitate the *ancien régime* is answered by one remark of Tocqueville's which goes to the root of the whole matter: "A condition of society," he says somewhere, "which was detested by every one who knew it, was, we may be certain, detestable."

This observation, obvious as it is, is as conclusive as it is obvious. Yet one is naturally curious to know in some detail what were the causes which in the eighteenth century led the mass of Frenchmen to detest the social condition under which they lived. This curiosity is amply satisfied by Mr. Lowell's treatise. As one glances through the topics with which it deals, one sees that, towards the end of the last century, every class of Frenchmen was harassed and irritated by a system of government which France had outgrown, and which was the more annoying just because Frenchmen enjoyed enough freedom to feel bitterly the evil of arrangements which hampered every action of their lives. The smaller States of Italy and of Germany were far more oppressively governed than France, yet the subjects of Italian or German princes felt the ills under which they suffered less acutely than did Frenchmen. A despotism which has crushed the people's spirit is less resented than feeble tyranny which leaves its victims energy and hope enough to agitate for reform or to desire revolution. It is no exaggeration to say that, towards the later years of Louis XVI.'s reign, there existed no single large body of Frenchmen which did not feel bitter discontent. On the support of the army must repose in the last resort the power of every government, yet the French army was, long before 1789, prepared to coalesce with the populace against the crown. The main causes of discontent were two. Men of capacity who were not nobles could not hold

high military rank, and the reforms suggested by the defeats of the Seven Years' war had broken up the old military system without conciliating the good will of the soldiers. Next to the army, the main prop of every government must be the magistracy. Yet, by a singular fatality, the magistracy of France had, for more than a generation, been engaged in a contest with the crown. There is no single department of government in which the incompetence of Louis XVI. and his advisers is so manifest as in his dealings with the parliaments. The French parliaments were very bad law-courts. From the point of view of a philosophic reformer there was a great deal to be said in favor of their abolition. A monarch who had despotically reformed the judicature of France would have gained the applause of philosophers and the good will of the people. A monarch who had conciliated the parliaments would at least have been supported by the French magistracy. Louis XVI. so mismanaged matters that he irritated at once the parliaments and the people. He allied against him all that was revolutionary and all that was conservative in France.

Consider, again, the position of French men of letters. Their influence was, towards the end of Louis XV.'s reign, greater than it has ever been at any other time either in France or in any other European country. Men talk of Johnson as a literary despot, but the moderate and constitutional rule of Johnson was as nothing compared to the limitless power of Voltaire. Nothing like it now exists in modern Europe. Nor was his influence due solely to his own astounding energy and talent; he represented in its highest form the authority of a class. The modern literary world has no despot, but one of the reasons why no man can play the tyrant of literature is that the world of letters, as a great social and political power, no longer exists. If every writer in the United States were hostile to President Cleveland, the hostility would hardly weaken his influence. In England at the present moment the enmity of literary men to Mr. Gladstone would be felt by every one to be a far less serious matter than (say) the defection from his side of the Non-conformist ministers, of the Irish priesthood, or of the leaders among the English artisans. Yet at the very time when literature was a real power in France, men of letters were to a man hostile to the King and to the governing classes. The hostility is intelligible enough to any one who ponders upon the story of the celebrated 'Encyclopædia.' Had the work been published in England, its appearance would not have affected for a moment the stability of the throne or the security of the church. Its publication shook the French monarchy and the French Church because the Government attempted to hinder its publication. The delay in bringing out the work and the danger involved in its publication irritated the masters of French opinion, and every volume that came out was a triumph over the Government. The 'Encyclopædia' was the outward and visible sign of the decaying authority of the State and the Church.

Let our readers, again, following Mr. Lowell's guidance, examine the general characteristics of French taxation. Our author appears to hold, and with reason, that the burden under which taxpayers groaned was not so heavy as is generally supposed. To make out what was its exact weight is now an impossibility, but the finance of the French monarchy was marked by two features which were enough to excite the bitterest popular indignation. Taxation was visibly unequal. The nobles and

the priests did not, indeed, in reality escape from the payment of taxes, but it was patent to all the world that nobles and ecclesiastics enjoyed the odious privilege of exemption from taxation the weight of which crushed the middle classes and the poor. Taxes, again, were as a rule levied by farmers-general, or, to use an expression with which readers of the New Testament are more familiar, by publicans. It may well be doubted whether modern readers realize the results which inevitably flow from the farming out of the taxes. The resources of the State are thereby greatly diminished. Nothing like the whole tax collected ever flows into the national treasury; or, to put the same thing in other words, the taxpayers are inevitably made to pay a far larger sum than is required for defraying the expenses of the State. The exaction, again, of taxation which is already too heavy, becomes from the nature of things intolerably severe. The publican must, in order to recoup himself for his advances to the State, wring every penny he can out of the taxpayer. The State, in short, when it farms out the collection of taxes, borrows on high terms from usurers who, if they are to make a good thing out of the transaction, must cheat the State and oppress the people. England, during the great war, raised so huge a revenue that the present generation stand aghast at the taxes paid by their grandfathers; yet the Government of England was never stronger than during the contest for national existence. The France of the Bourbons was never called upon to pay any fine so tremendous as the milliards which were wrung from republican France by Germany; but the taxation of the Bourbons created and left behind it a feeling of bitterness which, after the lapse of a century, has hardly been forgotten, while the Third Republic has gained the adherence of the mass of the French people. The explanation of these facts has already been given. In England taxation has always fallen on all classes alike, and the farming of taxes has, as a general rule, been for centuries unknown. Republican France knows nothing of exemptions and employs no farmers-general.

Look at the matter, then, from whichever side you will, you come to one and the same conclusion. The *ancien régime* was not a system of oppressive tyranny, but it was a system of misgovernment which harassed, tormented, and irritated every subject of the French monarchy. This is the lesson taught by Mr. Lowell's 'Eve of the French Revolution,' and it is a lesson well worth learning, for, when once learned, it explains the enigmas presented by the history of France from 1789 to 1893.

THE NEW LEWIS AND CLARK.—I.

History of the Expedition under the Command of Lewis and Clark, to the sources of the Missouri River, thence across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean, performed during the years 1804-5-6, by order of the Government of the United States. A new edition, faithfully reprinted from the only authorized edition of 1814, with copious critical commentary, prepared upon examination of unpublished official archives, and many other sources of information, including a diligent study of the original manuscript journals and field-notes of the explorers, together with a new biographical and bibliographical introduction, new maps and other illustrations, and a complete index. By Elliott Coues, late Captain and Assistant Surgeon United States Army, late Secretary and Naturalist

United States Geological Survey, Member of the National Academy of Sciences, etc. In four volumes. New York: Francis P. Harper. 1893.

THIS title-page, printed in twenty-eight lines, is notable. It is six lines longer than that of the *editio princeps*, and stands in sharp contrast to the Dedication, in which, in six lines, Dr. Coues pays a fitting tribute to the people of the great West, as well as to the statesman who first foresaw, and the soldiers who first saw, their future domain. Lewis and Clark were the first men to cross the continent in our zone, the truly golden zone. A dozen years before them, Mackenzie had crossed in British dominions far north, but settlements are even now sparse in that parallel. Still earlier had Mexicans traversed the narrowing continent from the Gulf to the Pacific, but seemed to find little worth discovery. It was otherwise in the zone penetrated by Lewis and Clark. There development began at once and is now nowhere surpassed. Along their route ten States, with a census in 1890 of eight and a half millions, have arisen in the wilderness. These millions and more yet unborn must betake themselves to Lewis and Clark as the discoverers of their dwelling-places, as authors of their geographical names, as describers of their aborigines, as well as of native plants, animals, and peculiarities. In all these States the writings of Lewis and Clark must be monumental—the *κτῆμα ἐς αἰ* that Thucydides wished for. In disputes about the ownership of Oregon, when it was urged that the United States could claim only the mouth of the Columbia because Capt. Gray had discovered nothing more, while a British vessel had been first to sail a hundred miles up the river, it was answered that the two American captains had explored it ten times as far. But they did very much more. They were the first that ever burst through the Rocky Mountain barrier, and they made known practicable passes. They first opened the gates of the Pacific slope, and hence filled the valley of the Columbia with Americans. We thus obtained possession, which is proverbially nine points, and that while diplomacy was still vacillating.

The credit of our Great Western discovery is due to Jefferson, though he never crossed the Alleghanies. When Columbus saw the Orinoco rushing into the ocean with irrepressible power and volume, he knew that he had anchored at the mouth of a continental river. So Jefferson, ascertaining that the Missouri, though called a branch, at once changed the color and character of the Mississippi, felt sure that whoever followed it would reach the innermost recesses of our America. Learning afterward that Capt. Gray had pushed into the mouth of the Columbia only after nine days' breasting its outward current, he deemed that river a worthy counterpart of the Missouri, and was convinced that their headwaters could not be far apart in longitude. Inaugurated in 1801, before his first Presidential term was half over he had obtained, as a sort of secret-service fund, the small sum which sufficed to fit out the expedition. He had also selected Lewis, his private secretary, for its head, and put him in a course of special training. But the actual voyage up the Missouri, purchased April 30, 1803, was not begun till the middle of May, 1804.

Forty-five persons in three boats composed the party. They were good watermen, but navigation was arduous, the river extremely rapid, changeful in channel, and full of eddies and sawyers. The last white settlement was passed within a week, but some meat and corn

could be bought of Indians, though delays were necessary for parleys and even councils with them. Others were occasioned by hunting parties who were kept out in quest of game. After 171 days the year's advance ended with October, for the river was ready to freeze. The distance up stream they reckoned at 1,600 miles, or little more than 9 miles a day, a journey now made by railroad in forty-four hours. But it is not likely that any other men could then have laid more miles behind them. In addition to detentions already enumerated, rudders, masts, oars were often broken, and replacing them cost time; boats were swamped or overset, or could be forced onward only with tow-lines.

Winter quarters were thirty miles above the Bismarck of our day. Here they were frozen in about five months. The huts they built and abundant fuel kept them warm. Thanks to their hunters and Indian traffic, food was seldom scarce. Officials of the Hudson's Bay Company (who had a post within a week's journey) and many inquisitive natives paid them visits. From all these it was their tireless endeavor to learn everything possible concerning the great unknown of the river beyond. Scarcely one could tell about distant places from personal observation, but some second-hand reports were afterward proved strangely accurate, even as to the Great Falls, which turned out to be a thousand miles away. It was not long, however, before they learned that the wife of Chaboneau, whom they had taken as a local interpreter, was a captive whose birth had been in the Rocky Mountains. She, named the Bird-woman, was the only person discoverable after a winter's search who could by possibility serve them as interpreter and guide among the unknown tongues and labyrinthine fastnesses which they must encounter.

Early in April, 1805, the explorers, now numbering thirty-two, again began to urge their boats up the river, for their last year's labors had brought them no more than half-way to their first objective, its source. No more Indian purveyors or pilots: their own rifles were the sole reliance for food. Many a wigwam, but no Indian, was espied for four months and four days after they left their winter camp. It was through the great Lone Land that they groped their dark and perilous way. In twenty days after the spring start they arrived at the Yellowstone, and in thirty more they first sighted the Rocky Mountains. Making the portage at the Great Falls cost them a month of vexatious delay. Rowing on another month brought them on August 12 to a point where one of the men stood with one foot each side of the rivulet, and "thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri, heretofore deemed endless." They dragged their canoes, however, up the rivulet for five days longer. It was 460 days since they had left the mouth of the river, and their mileage on its waters had been 3,006 miles. A mile further they stood on the great divide, and drank of springs which sent their water to the Pacific. But meantime they had been ready to starve in the mountains. Their hunters were of the best, but they found no game: buffaloes had gone down into the lowlands, the birds of heaven had fled, and edible roots were mostly unknown to them. For more than four months they had looked, and lo! there was no man. It was not till August 13 that, surprising a squaw so encumbered with papposes that she could not escape, and winning her heart by the gift of a looking-glass and painting her cheeks, they formed friendship with her nation, one of whose chiefs proved to be a brother of their

Bird-woman. Horses were about all they could obtain of these natives, streams were too full of rapids to be navigable, or no timber fit for canoes was within reach. So the party, subsisting on horse-flesh, and afterwards on dog-meat, toiled on along one of the worst possible routes. Nor was it till the 7th of October that they were able to embark in logs they had burned hollow, upon a branch of the Columbia, which, after manifold portages and perils, bore them to its mouth and the goal of their pilgrimage, late in November. Its distance from the starting-point, according to their estimate, was 4,134 miles.

A winter of disappointment followed, for no whaler or fur-trader appeared to supply the wayfarers with food or clothing or trinkets for the purchase of necessities on the homeward journey. Game was so scarce that it is possible they would have starved had not a whale been stranded near them—sent, they said, not as to Jonah, to swallow him, but for them to swallow. In the spring of 1806, when they turned their despairing faces away from the Pacific, all the beads and gewgaws for presents to savages and procuring supplies during their home stretch to the Mississippi might have been tied up in two handkerchiefs, if they had had any such articles. Their last tobacco had been consecrated to the celebration of Christmas, and the last whiskey had been drunk on the previous 4th of July. All roads homeward are down hill. A forced march of six months brought the discoverers from the ocean to St. Louis, September 23, 1806, though they were obliged to halt a month for mountain snows to melt. From first to last not a man had perished through accident, wild men, or wild beasts, and only one through sickness.

Many an episode in this eventful trans-continental march and countermarch will hereafter glorify with romantic associations islands, rivers, rocks, cañons, and mountains all along its track. Among these none can be more touching than the story of the Bird-woman, her divination of routes, her courage when men quailed, her reunion with a long-lost brother, her spreading as good a table with bones as others could with meat, her morsel of bread for an invalid benefactor, her presence with her infant attesting to savages that the expedition could not be hostile. But when bounties in land and money were granted to others, she was unthought of. Statues of her, however, must yet be reared by grateful dwellers in lands she laid open for their happy homes. Western poets will liken her to Ariadne and Beatrice.

Personal Recollections of Werner von Siemens. Translated by W. C. Coupland. D. Appleton & Co. 1893.

SUCH a number of the Siemens brothers have distinguished themselves in the engineering world, and especially in electricity, that really a guide-book to their respective performances was becoming a public desideratum. This book in some measure fills that want. Siemens Brothers, Siemens & Halske, and other firms of Siemenses, which practically make one concern, are renowned all over the world for executing in the most scientific way possible everything connected with telegraphy, such as operating land lines, laying cables, inventing and manufacturing all sorts of electrical instruments, preparing gutta-percha, making the glass required in the business, mining the copper, and also as inventors and manufacturers of regenerative furnaces and the regenerative Siemens gas-burner. The brother whose name

is the most familiar to readers of English books was Sir William Siemens, who worked a great improvement in the quality of English enginery, and first forced the practical Englishman to entertain a sincere respect in practical matters for the scientific physicist. He died ten years ago, receiving the last distinction of a burial in Westminster Abbey. He was the fourth of the brothers. Hans, the second, made the glass. Friedrich, the fifth, inventor of the Siemens burner, devotes himself to regenerative combustion. Charles, the sixth, is probably the greatest business manager among them. Walter, the seventh, was the developer of the wonderfully scientific copper-mine in the Caucasus; while Otto, the eighth, was his successor there. Several others of the name have been connected with the business; but the most interesting man of them all has been the eldest of the brothers, Dr. Werner von Siemens, Member of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, inventor of the dynamo, discoverer of electrostatic charging by means of a battery, author of the Siemens unit of resistance, earliest adherent of Faraday's theory, and founder of the fortunes of the house of Siemens.

The mechanical perfection of the volume is worthy of the author. A sea-green linen binding, leaves of tinted paper so thick that 175 of them make an inch, tastefully cut pica, superb presswork, all proclaim that commercial remuneration has not been the first care. In fact, the work is in part quite frankly of the nature of a *réclame*. Dr. von Siemens had perhaps some share in a moral quality not unknown among his countrymen, a deep compunctious sense that his besetting sin was excessive modesty and self-depreciation, with an earnest resolve to fight it down, if so be by God's grace he might. But there are in truth several reasons why Werner Siemens did not for long receive all the credit to which he was justly entitled. In the first place, he was not a thoroughly educated physicist, and often made slips that show it. We will not recount the deplorable history of the bathymeter, but will rather select a less decided example. He says in this book (p. 327) that the problem of a flying-machine "is, for every mind possessing a slight mechanical training, a very simple one." He proceeds to say that inclined planes to assist in supporting the weight are worthless. Now, such argumentation was pardonable in Babinet forty years ago, but it has since that time been plainly shown that it rests on assumptions in regard to the motions of fluids which resemble but very slenderly the facts of nature. To-day, to accuse those who are engaged upon the problem of the flying-machine of ignorance is simply to expose one's own. Now, it is very natural that scientific men, with the enormous volume of new work that they have to examine, should be somewhat slow in finding out the real merit of those who so make themselves ridiculous. In the second place, Dr. Siemens stood, for the greater part of his life, outside the circle of German university professors, and advocated a theory to which they were disinclined. In some branches, such as that of philosophy, to be opposed to the official view in Germany means utter neglect. In physics, it is not so bad; still, even in physics nobody who understands the German can think that it could be unimportant. In the third place, Siemens's profession was one in which enormous profits were to be made—profits depending upon the man's reputation. No wonder, then, that, in that line, competition for the honor of discoveries should be particularly bitter and ungenerous. Add that Siemens himself had shown himself as adroit as any-

body in combining scientific research with the pursuit of wealth, and it was hardly to be expected that the friends of his competitors should do him any public honor which, by any means not positively dishonorable, they could wrest from him.

After all, his scientific merit, which is certainly considerable, though hardly to be called great, is everywhere recognized. His highest capacity is not in pure science but in engineering, or, rather, it is of a military kind. He makes a marvellously clear and penetrating judgment quickly, and is ready to stake his fortunes upon it. The first successful deep-sea cable was laid in 1857 from Bona in Algeria to the island of Sardinia. The house of Siemens had furnished only the electrical apparatus; but Werner Siemens was to do the testing of the cable during and after the laying. He had no further responsibility. The cable was an old-fashioned affair weighing at least four pounds per yard. The problem of how to lay such a thing down, without breakage and without waste, at a depth of 1,000 to 1,500 fathoms, was so difficult that the different engineers who were to be upon the vessel found themselves, on the passage from Genoa to Sardinia, of the most widely different opinions about the matter. The man who was responsible, an Englishman, thought the best way was to proceed quickly, and let the cable run out without check, so as to bring no strain upon it. A French engineer, on the other hand, thought that the cable would hang down in a catenary curve, and would necessarily break. This was certainly far from a foolish idea. Siemens did not expect to have anything to do with the mechanical business, but declared that the operation could not be performed as the Englishman proposed, yet that it could be done by putting on a break sufficient to support a weight of cable equal in length to the depth of the water. They started from Bona in the evening, proceeding on the English plan. By dawn they found they had laid a third part of the cable, though they had covered only a fifth of the distance. They had only just enough left to reach a shallow spot near Sardinia. The contractor then went to Siemens and requested him to lay the remainder of the cable. Many a man would have simply washed his hands of it. Why should he undertake so difficult a task and such enormous responsibility, without preparation, without any surplus of cable, and without adequate machinery? Incredible as it may seem, they did not even have a ship's log-line on board. Here was this untried problem of laying down perhaps a million dollars' worth of cable at the bottom of the deep sea, without losing it if one could help it. Yet Siemens does not seem to have hesitated. He laid the cable; and, although he strained it a little, he laid it successfully. We can well believe him when he says:

"The continuous mental strain, and the consciousness that any error committed may occasion the loss of the whole cable, makes the laying of a deep-sea cable a very anxious, and for a length of time thoroughly exhausting, affair for all concerned, and especially for the leader of the undertaking. Towards the end of the foregoing work, in which I would not allow myself a moment's rest and refreshment, I could only keep myself up by frequently taking strong black coffee, and required several days for recovering my strength."

The full account of Siemens's work will be most interesting to the engineer and to the man of science; but even the reader who may choose to skip all this will find it one of the most charming publications of the year. He

will be surprised to find how many exciting adventures Siemens met with. At the very outset of his career he found himself defending a fort at Kiel against the Danes. For this purpose he was obliged to recruit a force, and, having enlisted them, to persuade them to go out of their own territory. It is needless to say that the defence was conducted on scientific principles. Submarine mines, or torpedoes, were used. They so scared the Danes that there was no attack. Another time he was shipwrecked in the Red Sea, and, with a whole steamer full of people, was cast upon a bare rock, where they nearly perished from thirst. Once, when he was laying a cable, a waterspout passed over the vessel. As for such incidents as accidental explosions, imprisonment, duels, being under fire in war, getting nearly frozen to death, complete destitution, peril from sharks and from robbers, danger of being put to death as a wizard, his life seems to have been full of them. There are many spirited descriptions of scenes and of phenomena of sky and sea. The anecdotes about curious personalities and amusing situations are many and good. Unfortunately the English of the translation, seldom excellent, is in many a place painfully awkward, quite ungrammatical, or downright unintelligible. The translator seems to be one of those persons who think they can improve upon accepted English idioms, and reform the language on a German model. There is, no doubt, some analogy between a rude, obscure style and disobliging, surly manners. It is singular how many admirers both find in Prussia. Siemens himself, though his style, when he is off his guard, is often delightful, yet explains, evidently with an approving conscience, that he has taken no pains whatever to write agreeably; and one of his main regrets at leaving the Prussian army was that he found the bluntness of the Prussian military manners so charming. He then considered whether or not he should become a Prussian Amtmann; but the manners of that class were not sufficiently rasping for his taste. Such tastes are certainly not to be disputed, but we should like to have them expounded. The idea seems to be that whatever is unamiable is sterling and virtuous.

People's Banks: A Record of Social and Economic Success. By Henry W. Wolff. Longmans, Green & Co. 1893.

THE cry for governmental aid for all the poor and oppressed is now so shrill and incessant that the public has no ears for reports of what the humbler members of society have done for themselves. These reports will be neglected until philanthropists understand that the problem of poverty is a moral one, and that all schemes for regenerating men by improving their material conditions are idle unless their character also is improved. Meanwhile, those who hold that men must work out their own salvation are cheered from time to time by evidence that this is done to a greater extent than is commonly supposed. Not long since we noticed Mr. Wilkinson's little book entitled 'Mutual Thrift,' as revealing the unsuspected magnitude of the business of the provident societies in England. We have now before us a very striking account of what has been done in the same general direction, although with different methods, in some of the Continental countries, especially Germany and Italy. It is much to be regretted, however, that the description of this work did not fall into more competent hands. Mr. Wolff is enthusiastic in a good cause; but his knowledge

of banking and finance in general is so limited, and his language so extravagant, that we are unable to give implicit credence to his statements. Some of his information, however, is evidently trustworthy, and it is fortunately the most important matter in the book.

The Credit Associations of Schulze-Delitzsch are comparatively well known, but their main features may properly be restated for the purpose of contrast with the loan banks of Raiffeisen, which have attracted much less attention. In Schulze's banks a certain number of persons associate themselves for the purpose of collecting savings and making small loans, every member subscribing for one share and paying for it in instalments as he is able. Deposits are received from outsiders, but a law passed in 1889 forbids lending except to members. The capital thus received is loaned, at as high interest as can be obtained, principally upon personal securities, but for very short terms. Three months is the usual period, but a renewal can be obtained. The managers draw small salaries, but are allowed commissions upon the business done. After the shares have been paid up, profits are distributed as dividends. The liability of the members of the association is unlimited. It has been estimated that banks of this general type now number 4,500, and do a business of £450,000,000; but this statement lacks proof. It is known, however, that there are more than 1,000 in the Schulze-Delitzsch union, having more than half a million members, and a working capital of nearly 600,000,000 marks. The entire growth has taken place since 1860, and has gone on in spite of the hostile policy of the Government; Bismarck exhibiting persistent malignity towards Schulze, while actively aiding the socialistic schemes of Lassalle.

The Raiffeisen banks date from 1849, but it was not until 1880 that they began to increase rapidly. They now number more than one thousand in Germany alone, perhaps two thousand all told. These organizations are strictly local, and, as will be seen, require personal acquaintance between borrowers and lenders. One bank to a parish is the rule, but if the parish has less than four hundred inhabitants, a group is formed within which the bank may operate. Liability is unlimited, no salaries are paid except to the cashier (who is not a director), the shares are of almost nominal value, the dividends are practically nothing, and no pledge is required of the borrower, who must generally, however, furnish one or two sureties. The bank is therefore simply an association of neighbors who agree to lend of their collective wealth to such of their number as they know are honest and capable of using money. This, after all, is the secret of successful banking, as we know it, which differs only in being carried on more with an eye for gain, and less from neighborly feeling. Its basis is "two-name paper," but in the case of the Raiffeisen banks the borrower must explain precisely for what he requires the loan. The interest charged is low, and the term of the loans, as is necessary for agricultural operations, is long. It is said that none of these banks has ever failed, and that they are so highly esteemed as to obtain many loans from savings-banks, and to be designated by the courts as depositories of trust funds. A central bank has been formed that, to some extent, supervises the affairs of the local institutions, receives and distributes their balances, and acts as their agent in purchasing goods and for other purposes.

It is apparent that these two types of bank have not only different methods, but also different fields of operation. In a manufactur-

ing and commercial community it would be difficult to lend upon personal character alone, because people do not know each other so well as in a tranquil rural village—they are too many. Nor where competition is brisk would it be practicable to find men who would make themselves liable without limit for no pecuniary compensation. In a country town the attractiveness of a serious occupation is a sufficient compensation, especially when that occupation is intrinsically so fascinating as the acquisition of minute knowledge concerning the circumstances of our neighbors. In short, where business is brisk, time is money; where there is a superfluity of leisure, men will almost pay for something to do. At the same time the success of these combinations of business and philanthropy, if it is as great as Mr. Wolff represents, is a very remarkable social phenomenon. Many of our country towns and villages suffer from the lack of savings-banks, and there is no economic reason why institutions of the Raiffeisen type should not succeed here, except the principle of unlimited liability, which is not a necessary feature.

Mr. Wolff describes the "Banche Popolari" of Italy, established by S. Luzzatti, as resembling the credit institutions of Schulze-Delitzsch, and the "Casse Rurali" of Dr. Wollemborg as similar to Raiffeisen's loan banks. But it is unnecessary to follow him further. Chapters are added upon institutions of similar character in Belgium, in Switzerland, and in France, but they need no particular mention. Mr. Wolff deserves credit for calling attention to a very unobtrusive but very important development of economic enterprise, and we trust that his book may meet with such success as to induce him to continue his studies, and to give us some further information in which fact shall count for more, and hearsay and imagination for less.

Shakspeare: Fünf Vorlesungen aus dem Nachlass von Bernhard ten Brink. Strassburg: Trübner. 1893.

At the time of his death, in January, 1892, Ten Brink had brought his 'History of English Literature' only to the threshold of the Elizabethan period, and had not made Shakspeare the subject of any such long and thorough investigation as he had bestowed upon Chaucer. At the same time, Shakspeare had long been a favorite study with him. It was the great dramatist that formed for him the central attraction of English philology, and dispelled whatever misgivings he might at any time have concerning the narrowness of his specialty. After his untimely death, therefore, it was natural that the pupils who had been delighted with his academic lectures upon Shakspeare should wish to see them in print. But the manuscript proved unavailable, and so, as a second choice, his literary executors decided to publish a course of popular lectures delivered by him in 1888 at Frankfort-on-the-Main. These form the contents of the volume before us.

The first lecture is entitled "The Man and the Poet." Its problem, formulated in genuine German fashion, is the "possibility of identity" between the two. The lecturer pays his respects briefly to the Baconian theory, characterizing it as a "curiosity" and a "morbid manifestation of the time." He insists, however, that the miracle Shakspeare will never be entirely cleared up. There is an inexplicable residuum there before which philology will always stand helpless. "All we can hope to reach," says he, "is the knowledge that the

poet's inner development, as it can be inferred from his works, is compatible with what we know of the historical Shakspeare." He then proceeds to a sympathetic sketch of the Warwickshire *milieu*—the aspects of nature, the life of the people, their sports, festivals, and superstitions, the inspiring historical associations of the place. Given a pupil of Shakspeare's endowment, and what better education could his youth have had? School and university might easily have warped his mind, and destroyed that fulness of sympathy and that exquisite balance of faculties which were to be the secret and the condition of his power.

The second lecture deals with the chronology of the plays, as related to the great phases of the poet's spiritual history. A few words are devoted to the question of Shakspeare's "objectivity," which is made to consist not in the suppression of self, but in the perfect transference of self with the matter in hand. "The most objective poet," we are told, "is at the same time the most subjective." Shakspeare merges himself in his forms until he is one with them and his life becomes their life. This "holy earnestness" is a distinctive mark of his art. The chronology presented calls for little comment. "Titus Andronicus" is confidently claimed as Shaksperian—the work of a young imitator of Marlowe, whose life had not yet been crossed by the shadow of tragic moods, and who still conceived of tragedy as something utterly unusual, as a matter of peculiar characters, abnormal conditions, and horrible actions. In the sudden change which came with the year 1601, and ushered in the period of the great tragedies, Ten Brink sees a reflex of the tragic mood occasioned by the fate of Essex.

The third lecture, "Shakspeare as Dramatist," treats first of the nature of the dramatic, as distinguished from the epic, gift, and of the advantages offered by the use of a traditionary fable. Then the "dramatic idea" comes in for consideration. Premising that earlier German critics went quite too far in reducing Shakspeare's plays to abstract formulæ, Ten Brink still deploras the later tendency to repudiate "ideas" altogether. But when he attempts to give his own view as to what the "dramatic idea" of any given play really is, he can offer nothing better than that it is "the point of view from which the poet contemplates his subject-matter." Evidently alive to the vacuity of this definition, he turns from the domain of abstraction to illustrate his meaning by a comparison of "Romeo and Juliet" with Brooke's poem of 1562, which furnished the story. This comparison is more accurate and more instructive than the corresponding exposition in Freytag's 'Technik des Dramas.'

The fourth lecture, "Shakspeare as Comic Poet," draws a comparison between Shakspeare and Molière, with a view of showing why the former has not enjoyed that "universal and unreserved recognition" which has fallen to the lot of the latter. It is pointed out that in the essentials of comic art Shakspeare is superior. On the other hand, Molière is nearer not only to the modern, but also to the antique conception of comedy. The Frenchman wrought more with the understanding and with singleness of purpose; the Englishman more with the fancy and with a freer admixture both of seriousness and of jest for jest's sake. "The Comedy of Errors," in its relation to Plautus, and the "Merchant of Venice," with reference to the character of *Shylock*, come in for somewhat extended discussion. Here it is remarked that "our feeling revolts against

the touch that the Jew is compelled to be baptized." There are people in Germany at present who would probably not accept this as a correct account of the modern attitude.

The last lecture is devoted to "Shakspeare as Tragic Poet." The irrepressible Aristotelian definition is once more briefly explicated, though the lecturer does not omit to remind his hearers that Shakspeare knew nothing, and needed to know nothing, of æsthetic theory. After this the salient features of the Shaksperian tragedy are described, the poet's artistic process analyzed, and "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Lear" are commented upon by way of illustration.

From this brief account it will appear that the lectures are in no sense a contribution to Shaksperian scholarship. We have not here such a treatment of the subject as we doubtless should have had if the gifted author had lived a few years longer. Still, just as it is, the little volume is worthy of a cordial welcome. It reads pleasantly and is characterized by urbanity and good sense. Here and there, too, imbedded in a context of easy popular exposition, one lights upon observations that go to the heart of the matter and testify to riches held in reserve. And, after all, we doubtless have here, unencumbered with any philological scaffolding, the main substance of what Ten Brink would have had to say in a more learned treatise. We may note in conclusion that the title-page is faced by a spirited etching of the author, and that the book is handsomely printed. One or two trifling misprints have come to our attention: *Porzia*, p. 53, but *Portia*, p. 146 and elsewhere; *Hindergrund*, p. 94.

Life with Trans-Siberian Savages. By Douglas Howard, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co.

To the four hundred and sixty-five books or papers on the hairy Ainu of Japan and Trans-Siberian Russia enumerated by Prof. B. H. Chamberlain in his bibliography of 1886, and to the eight or ten published since that time, is added another work of peculiar interest. This little book of about two hundred pages is full of strange experiences that are most probably true, and of careless statements that are manifestly untrue. Indeed, it is such a mixture of fact and fiction that an English critic has denounced it as "a romance of adventure of the Rider Haggard school, crowded with incidents quite incredible." It is certain that in late years literary adventurers in book factories like the British Museum, or naval officers visiting the seas of Japan and oppressed with the vast leisure on their hands, have palmed off works of compilation or imagination as pure narratives of travel or the testimony of eye and ear-witnesses. One has to invoke the aid of the higher criticism and apply its principles to not a few books on the Far East produced during this decade.

Our present author, evidently lacking scholarship in physical geography, ethnology, linguistics, philosophy, and geology, is wholly uninteresting and voluminously inaccurate when he ventures into the domains of these sciences. He rushes rather hilariously into fields where trained experts move with caution. He calls a storm on the west side of Sakhalin and Yezo a "typhoon." He tells us that he enjoys "the distinction of being the only English-speaking individual ever known to have passed a night on any part of that entire island," though we have known personally British naval officers who have done so, and an Englishman who lived several months in Sakhalin. Out of the German-Latin-Russian of his Muscovite inform-

ant, he learns that "the very oldest book in Japan, a book which was published according to our reckoning (712) seven hundred and twelve years before Christ, states as follows" concerning the Ainu, etc. Now, the 'Kojiki,' or Notices of Ancient Things, here referred to, was committed to writing 712 A. D. Nevertheless, from the idea that the Ainu "are historic as a formidable race" in Japan "2,604 or 3,000 years" ago, it follows that "the Ainu of Sakhalin existed for unknown ages before that," and on this theory the author builds other theories that damage his book, reducing to nonsense the greater part of his elaborate chapters on Ainu ethnology, history, and theology. Mr. Howard speaks of "the syllabic character of the Ainu language, in which respect it is entirely unique among the languages of all other neighboring peoples," when the Japanese is nothing else than syllabic. The *kana* syllabary of Japan illustrates one of the three ways in which language can be written, the Chinese being logo- or ideo-graphic, and the Korean, with its true alphabet, being phonetic. Other careless statements, of which these are samples, abound in Mr. Howard's pages.

Apart from these defects, and regarding the work as a narrative of personal adventure, we see little, from what we know, through Japanese and other books and actual visitors, of Sakhalin and the Ainu which seems at all incredible or false. What the author says in general about the nine months' unbroken winter, notwithstanding that Sakhalin and France are in much the same latitude, the amazing hauls of salmon, the wolfish dogs and their fish-catching powers, the odorousness of the aborigines in a soapless land, their skill in deer- and their valor in bear-hunting, and their arrow-poison, do not seem unduly wonderful, but are in accord with the literature and science of the subject. To those not versed in these, and to the old reader about Ainu, the narrative of things seen, apart from the author's speculations, is a fascinating one, and the book is of real value.

The author says he left London in 1889 to study the Russian prison system, of which Sakhalin, ceded, as to its southern half, by the Japanese to Russia, in exchange for several of the most northern of the Kurile islands, is a part. To this outer verge of the Czar's dominions, life-prisoners, or the worst of all, are sentenced. By favor of a Russian prince, he secured an invitation to visit Sakhalin with the commandant. In the hospital he found an Ainu woman treated for syphilitic disease communicated by one of the exiles. With tattooed lips, shell-hung ears, amazing luxuriance of head-hair, and with "neck, chest, arms and . . . the whole body . . . more hairy than the most hairy man I ever saw," she seemed a "phenomenon"; whereupon he resolved to visit the Ainu in their forest home. Driven some miles inland by a convict driver, he was kindly received, and, apparently without the smelling-salts and insect powder with which Miss Bird provided herself as aids to ethnological research, he spent some weeks among this ancient and possibly Aryan fragment of humanity. The huts for the storage of dried fish and other food, weapons, etc., were on platforms twelve feet high. In a great hut ten times larger was their place for dressing game or fish. Once a year Japanese traders are allowed to come and barter pots and kettles, knives, arrow-heads, cotton cloth, rice, tobacco, etc., for furs and skins. Unlike their brethren in Yezo, who are being gradually debased off the face of the earth by alcoholic liquors, the Sakhalin Ainu, by Russian law,

have no access to either saké or vodka. The Ainu house is made of thatch laid on walls five feet high. A shallow pit in the centre of the mud floor, and a hole in the roof for a chimney and one at the side for a window, complete the structure. In winter the snow masses brace up and keep warm this odorous dwelling of men, whose own name is alleged to mean 'who-smell-of-their-ancestors.' The summer is devoted to catching and preparing fish for winter consumption, in hunting deer and bear. The author gives vivid accounts of the making and use of the *inao*, or whittled sticks, with the long curled shavings kept on, which are set up in every place of omen, danger, tabu, or sacred import. We know of no book about the Ainu which presents so vividly, and details so fully, the method of making and using these sacred emblems.

Pretty full accounts are given of the women, who are solid-looking, ugly, and with very thick necks, owing to the habit of carrying heavy loads slung from the forehead. The making of Ainu arrow-poison is fully described; the active principle which quickly paralyzes the muscles of the wounded animal being derived from aconite. With pulverized spiders and foxgall a paste is made and thickly spread upon the flat side of the arrow-head, which is lashed lightly to the shaft in order to remain in the wound after all but the head is broken off. The hunters quickly cut out the flesh around the wound, and also remove and bury the animal's heart so that the dogs may not eat it. An Ainu funeral, incantations, and many curious customs are also interestingly described. In vain the savages tempted the Englishman to cast in his lot with them, by offering him two or three of the ugliest young beauties of the village. He left them, regained the Russians, and visited Yezo.

Sefton: Comprising the Collected Notes of the late Rev. Engelbert Horley, M.A., together with the Records of the Mock Corporation. By W. D. Carö and E. J. A. Gordon. Longmans, Green & Co.

In the village of Sefton, some six miles from Liverpool, stands one of the finest of old English parish churches. A recent rector was somewhat of an antiquary, and got together a good deal of information as to the history of the fabric; and these notes form the basis of the first 131 pages of this sumptuous volume. A club of jovial Liverpool citizens at the end of last century used to go over to Sefton every Sunday to dine and attend church, and amused themselves with parodying the proceedings of municipal bodies; the records of this "mock corporation" occupy the next 360 pages. And first a word as to these records. Except that they kept up an elaborate and—to the mere reader, who cannot enjoy their turtle soup—a tedious farce, the "corporation" differed no whit from scores of similar clubs, such as the festive Buccaneers with whom Captain Costigan spent the last night of his memorable stay at Chatteris. It is difficult to see what useful purpose is served by the printing of all these good gentlemen's ponderous jokes, unless it be to induce their descendants to subscribe to the volume and so assist in making more valuable matter accessible. What ought to have been done with such material was to pick out the few really interesting things and therewith to construct a little essay of some twenty pages on "The Liverpool Bourgeoisie during the French Revolution." Those drinking, church-going, slave-trading worthies were characteristic middle-class Englishmen. But we must

protest against their being allowed to bore us to the extent of 360 pages.

The earlier antiquarian portion of the book is fairly well done, and the architectural details come apparently from the hand of an expert. The horrors of restoration which the history of this church, like that of so many others, reveals, suggest that, now that the English bishops are widening the scope of their ordination examinations, they would do well to insist upon an elementary knowledge of architecture on the part of their clergy. The strength of the Church of England as a national establishment depends to so large an extent on the beauty and dignity of the edifices, that a little better understanding of the treasures committed to its charge would be no inconsiderable means of "church defence." To the historian, however, this volume, like most of the parlor books of its kind, offers only a few "pickings," although these are welcome. Thus we find in Sir William Molyneux, who died in 1548, a landlord who did not do what many of his fellows were doing, that is, "make the most of" his estate; for according to tradition "there were two things that he hated: (1) depopulating enclosures; (2) unworthy enhancements of rents; for he died with this advice to his son, 'Let the underwoods grow.'" The unaccustomed peace which Roman Catholics enjoyed for a few months after the accession of James I., is illustrated by the narrative of a recusant who tells us how, after living the life of a hunted hare for years "until the Queen's death," he "obtained from K. James a free and large pardon, which cost me in all but either 40 or 50 shillings. Deo Gratias."

Local records can do two things: they can help us to realize the continuity of every-day

life; and, like the examples just quoted, they can give concrete illustrations of what otherwise are mere "movements" and "tendencies." But there is need of an improvement in editing.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Calendar of Verse. 2d ed. Thomas Whittaker. \$1.25
Adams, Rev. William. Born in the Whirlwind. Boston: Arena Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Addresses delivered before the World's Railway Commerce Congress. Chicago: The Railway Age. \$3.
Alger, Horatio, Jr. In a New World; or, Across the Gold-fields of Africa. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Bates, Prof. Katharine L. The English Religious Drama. Macmillan. \$1.50.
Berlitz, M. D. Verb Drill: A Thorough Course in the French Verbs. Berlitz & Co.
Bradford, E. G. Search-Lights and Guide-Lines. Fowler & Wells.
Burnett, Mrs. Frances H. The One I Knew the Best of All. Scribners. \$2.
Clark, Imogen. Robert of the Sunny Heart. G. M. Allen Co. \$1.25.
Cossa, Prof. Luigi. An Introduction to the Study of Political Economy. Macmillan. \$2.60.
Dale, Alan. My Footlight Husband. Cleveland Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Douglass, L. What Necessity Knows. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.
Earle, Mrs. Alice M. Customs and Fashions in Old New England. Scribners. \$1.25.
Fairstair, Mrs. The Memoirs of a London Doll, and the Doll and her Friends. 2 vols. Brentanos. \$2.50.
Fielding, Henry. Amelia. 3 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. \$3.
Forsyth, A. R. Theory of Functions of a Complex Variable. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. \$8.50.
Griffin, S. P., and Hill, F. T. Miniatures from Balzac's Masterpieces. Appletons. 50 cents.
Hale, R. B. Elsie, and Other Poems. Boston: R. B. Hale & Co.
Hazard, Miss Caroline. Thomas Hazard, called College Tom: A Study of Life in Narragansett in the XVIIIth Century. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.
Johnson, Clifton. The Country School. Illustrated. Appletons. \$2.50.
Knight, Prof. William. Aspects of Theism. Macmillan. \$2.25.
Literary Gems. Fifth Series. 6 vols. Putnams. \$4.50.
Longfellow, H. W. The Hanging of the Crane, and Other Poems of the Home. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
Morse, Lucy G. Rachel Stanwood: A Story of the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Newton, Alfred, and Gadow, Hans. A Dictionary of Birds. Part II. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. \$2.60.
Nicholson, Prof. J. S. Principles of Political Economy. Vol. I. Macmillan. \$3.

Owen, S. G. Catullus, with the Pervigillum Veneris. London: Lawrence & Bullen; New York: Macmillan. \$5.
Parry, C. H. H. The Art of Music. Appletons. \$4.
Payne, E. J. Voyages of Elizabethan Seamen. First Series. 2d ed. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Porter, Rose. Immortelles from Tennyson. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. \$1.
Potter, Prof. M. C. An Elementary Text-Book of Agricultural Botany. London: Methuen & Co.
Robinson, Prof. J. A. The Philocalia of Origen. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. \$2.75.
Sacher-Masoch, Léopold de. Seraph: A Tale of Hungary. G. M. Allen & Co.
Samson, G. W. The Classic Test of Authorship, Authenticity and Authority. F. Scott & Co.
Samuel, W. H. External Reality in the Lockian Philosophy. Philadelphia: Burk & McFetridge Co.
Savage, Rev. M. J. Jesus and Modern Life. Boston: G. H. Ellis. \$1.
Scaife, W. B. Florentine Life during the Renaissance. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Scartazzini, G. A. A Companion to Dante. Macmillan. \$3.
Schaff, Prof. Philipp. Theological Propædæutic. Scribners. \$3.
Scott's Lady of the Lake. American Book Co.
Swing, Rev. David. Art, Music and Nature. Chicago: Searle & Gorton.
Tennyson and his Friends: A Series of 25 Portraits. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Macmillan. \$35.
The Autobiography and Recollections of Laura, Duchess of Abrantes. 4 vols. New ed. Scribners. \$10.
The Cambridge Companion to the Bible. Cambridge: University Press; New York: James Pott & Co. \$1.25.
The Fortuna Hope: A Tale. T. Nelson & Sons. \$1.
The Rivals. Illustrated by F. M. Gregory. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50.
The Spiritual Life: Studies of Devotion and Worship. Boston: G. H. Ellis. \$1.
The Sunny Days of Youth: A Book for Boys and Young Men. Scribners. \$1.25.
Theuriet, André. L'Abbé Daniel. Paris: Lemerre; New York: Amblard & Meyer. 60 cents.
The Wilder Quarter-Century Book. Ithaca, N. Y.: Comstock Publishing Co. \$5.
Thompson, D. G. Politics in a Democracy: An Essay. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.
Thoreau, H. D. A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. Walden. [Riverside Edition.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Each \$1.50.
Tiffany, Rev. O. H. Sermons and Addresses. Hunt & Eaton. \$1.25.
Vincent, Prof. M. R. Student's New Testament Handbook. Scribners. \$1.50.
Wendell, Prof. Barrett. Stellergeri, and Other Essays concerning America. Scribners. \$1.25.
West, J. H. Uplifts of Heart and Will. Boston: G. H. Ellis. 50 cents.
Williams, Prof. G. H., and Clark, Prof. W. B. Geology and Physical Features of Maryland. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. \$1.
Wiman, Erastus. Chances of Success. American News Co.

ENGLISH READINGS FOR STUDENTS.

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OFFICE OF THE

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NEW YORK, January 24, 1893.

The Trustees, in conformity with the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1892.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1892, to 31st December, 1892	\$3,690,250 88
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1892	1,472,142 48
Total Marine Premiums	\$5,162,393 36
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1892, to 31st December, 1892	\$3,759,193 05
Losses paid during the same period	\$1,466,178 06
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	\$788,617 09

The Company has the following assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	\$7,816,455 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	2,027,000 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at	1,029,345 26
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,936,622 48
Cash in Bank	276,262 99
Amount	\$12,485,685 71

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1888 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled.

A dividend of FORTY PER CENT. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1892, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the second of May next.

By order of the Board,

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